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CONCUPIVI DESIDERARE.

A Homily and an Excursion on Psalm 118: 20.

THE 118th Psalm is known to everyone as the longest of all the Psalms. Psalm 77 is the second longest, and even it is so long that its length forms the point, or rather the kernel, of a venerable ecclesiastical chestnut about an old priest who had made his studies in prosody-despising France, and who on a certain occasion imposed as a penance on a brother priest to say the psalm *Attendite* once. The penitent rashly interposed with: "*Attendite*—it's short." "Oh, it's short, is it? Then you can say it twice." This psalm, with its 72 verses, would be a very respectable penance when doubled; but even thus it would fall far short of Psalm 118, with its hundred and seventy-six verses.

This great psalm, *Beati immaculati in via*, which is great in other things besides its length, does duty (as we priests have a good right to know) for eleven separate psalms in the daily Office of the Church, and is relieved with an additional tenfold supply of doxologies. Each of these eleven divisions is made up of two of the twenty-two portions into which the psalm is broken up in the Bible, corresponding with the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Each of these twenty-two portions consists, of course, of eight verses, and all the eight begin with the same letter, according to the order of the alphabet. Fourth of the third batch, the Gimel eight, comes the twentieth verse of the psalm, in which the Royal Prophet says to God: "My soul hath coveted to long for Thy justifications at all times. *Concupivit anima mea desiderare*

justificationes tuas omni tempore." This divinely inspired Psalmist, this consummate master of spiritual language, whose words have given and will give expression to the praise, adoration, contrition, thanksgiving, fears, hopes, and longings of so many of the purest and highest hearts through all the thousands of years that the world has since lasted and may yet last—he thinks it worth while to say to his Lord and his God that he has always longed to desire His justifications. He does not even dare to claim for himself the merit of having always desired to *fulfil* God's law, but only of having desired to desire it.

The desire of a desire! As we speak of the delusive pleasures of this sinful and fleeting world as being false as the dream of a dream, meaning this to denote the very extreme of deceitfulness, the maximum of unreality, so the minimum of earnestness in our good desires, the least possible amount of determination in a holy purpose, might seem to be conveyed by the phrase, "the desire of a desire." Yet it is this that the penitent king puts forward as one of his claims on the mercy and bounty of his Creator, that at all times, in his very worst time, he had at least always coveted to desire the justifications of God.

After having repeated this sacred text some eleven thousand times (some thousands more since I performed the little sum in simple multiplication which gave me that result), after having repeated it so often with this special force and signification, and certainly with more frequent advertence to its meaning than in the case of any other word of the Divine Office—for I remember distinctly emphasizing it in the first weeks of subdeaconship—I was shocked to find one of the latest authorities, Father Schouppe, S.J., in his *Explanatio Psalmorum*, rudely, without one word of apology, upsetting this traditional interpretation by giving as his paraphrase of the text, "*Ardenti desiderio concupivit anima mea tuas justificationes:* My soul has coveted Thy justifications with an ardent desire," as if this were a Hebraism for a strong and perfect desire, instead of indicating that feeble and incipient desire which I fondly, with considerable sympathy and fellow-feeling, imagined I had discovered in these words of the Psalmist.

Nor does Father Schouppe stand alone. Another Belgian, Father Van Steenkiste, gives this gloss of our text: "Non optat

ut desideret, sed optat adeo ut desideret, i. e., concupiscens desiderat, valde et vehementer desiderat." Nay, Maldonatus, whom we are wont to associate with the Gospels only, but who has devoted more than one big folio to the Old Testament, anticipates these moderns by giving as the literal translation of the Hebrew: "Anima mea consternata est;" and this he further interprets by the paraphrase, "defecit anima mea propter amorem quem habet ad mandata tua, Domine."

An American authority may be cited to the same effect, although in the end he permits the interpretation for which we are contending. Dr. Francis Patrick Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore, translates Psalm 118: 20: "My soul hath ardently longed for Thy justifications at all times;" and he quotes in a note the Protestant version issued in the reign of James I: "My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath." But the Archbishop adds: "Olshausen regards this meaning as uncertain. The Syrian and Chaldean versions agree with the Septuagint and Vulgate."

In my perplexity between these commentators on the one hand and our authorized Latin text and Douay version on the other, I consulted a Hebrew scholar, Father James McSwiney, S.J., who was kind enough to transliterate and translate each word of the Hebrew original. From his minute examination of the text it appears that the verb which comes first in the sentence is found only two or three times in any form, and once only in the Old Testament in an intransitive sense, namely in the present instance, where modern scholars translate it thus: "Crushed is my soul for longing after Thy judgments always." Aben Ezra, of Toledo, a famous Jewish grammarian and commentator, who died A. D. 1168, explains it: "My soul burns with longing to execute Thy judgments," understanding by "judgments" criminal statutes.[1] But St. Jerome, who knew Hebrew better than our modern Hebraists, translated the text *juxta Hebraicam veritatem:* "Desideravit anima mea desiderare judicia

[1] Why so here more than anywhere else? A note in the Douay Bible remarks that "in almost every verse of this psalm (which in number are 176) the word and law of God and the love and observance of it are perpetually inculcated, and a variety of denominations, all signifying the same thing."

tua in omni tempore." The Chaldee Targum (translation and running commentary combined), ascribed to Jonathan ben Uzziel, also renders *Gâr'sah* by "desired." So does the Alexandrian version: Ἐποθήσεν ἡ ψυχή μου τοῦ ἐπιθυμήσαι τα κρίματα σου ἐν παντὶ καιρῷ.

But whatever may be said of the original Hebrew, surely the Latin text admits of no such meaning as these writers thrust upon it. "Adopting (says Father McSwiney) the rendering of the Breviary Psalter, as we are more than justified in doing, we can scarcely make the phrase a parallel for the *desiderio desideravi* of Luke 22: 15; but rather with SS. Augustine and Ambrose, 'I wish to desire.' The rendering patronized by Schouppe and Van Steenkiste requires the infinitive absolute before the *finite* verb: 'gârosh gârsah—asking he asked' (I Kings 20: 6); that is, 'he urgently asked.' The infinitive absolute in this idiom, when *following* the verb, implies continuance or lasting action; so Schouppe and Co. would need to interpret it, not of intensity of desire, but 'I continue to desire.'"

Father Schouppe indeed contradicts himself by saying in the same breath that this grand psalm forms an ascending climax of spiritual progress. The portion assigned to Prime belongs of course to the earliest stage of conversion; Tierce and Sext to the time of struggle and temptation; None to the more perfect state approaching the final triumph. I understand that the geological strata of the earth's surface do not always come in the precise order that they ought to come, but crop up occasionally in the wrong places; and certainly it would not be easy to distribute the sentiments expressed in the 118th Psalm into regular successive layers pertaining to the purgative, illuminative, and unitive ways respectively. But at any rate, in such a classification as Father Schouppe advocates, our *concupivi desiderare*, occurring at the beginning, would more naturally denote a timorous and anxious longing rather than the bold and ardent desire into which he would transform it—the wish to be on fire, rather than the actually inflamed desires to which, as I am arguing, it only leads on.

It remains, therefore, pretty clear that, commenting or meditating on this twentieth verse of this 118th Psalm as it occurs in

our Breviary, we are at the very least justified in taking the words as they stand in Latin, and we must not make the text say something which it does not say; just as in Psalm 41 "Sitivit anima mea ad Deum fortem vivum" is translated: "My soul has thirsted for the strong, the living God," although *fortem* is no doubt a misprint for *fontem*, the Greek being probably πήγην, a fountain, and not πήγον strong, and "to thirst after the living fountain" is a more natural expression.

At any rate, the constant use of our text by saints and holy writers for sixteen or seventeen hundred years in the peculiar sense I am insisting on is sufficient sanction for the spiritual lesson that may be deduced from it. That lesson is drawn from it by hundreds of saints and ascetic writers from St. Augustine down to our own time. St. Augustine must be quoted at considerable length hereafter. Our first witness in favor of the efficacy not only of good desires, but even of the mere desire of a desire, shall be a modern saint, namely, St. Ignatius of Loyola. But we shall let him be introduced by Father Roothaan, the third latest General of the Society which St. Ignatius founded, separated from the present General, Father Martin, by Father Beck only.

In his note on the offering of ourselves to the service of God, which St. Ignatius proposes in full as the colloquy of the Contemplation on the Kingdom of Christ, Father Roothaan refers to that passage of the *Examen Generale*[2] which corresponds with the famous Eleventh of the Summary, where the saint, after saying that "they who seriously follow Christ love and ardently desire" everything that will make them more like to Christ, adds that, if any one, through human feebleness and misery, does not feel such inflamed desires of this sort (*hujusmodi tam inflammata desideria*) he ought at least "to desire to conceive them (*optare ea animo concipere*)." And Father Roothaan winds up by saying expressly, not as a new notion of his own, but as a mere ascetic commonplace: "Et huc referri solet illud Davidicum—To this point that saying of King David is usually referred: 'My soul hath coveted to desire Thy justifications, O God.'"

This was the meaning also that another more famous Jesuit, Cardinal Bellarmine, gave to this saying of King David. "He

[2] Chapter iv, § 44.

was not able to say *Concupivit implere*, but, confessing his imperfection, he says *Concupivit desiderare;* and this very confession of imperfection is a petition for perfection, which God grants when He makes a man desire the keeping of His Commandments."

Like St. Ignatius and his learned and holy son, Thomas à Kempis bids the poor soul fall back on this desire of good desires. In the thirty-second chapter of the Third Book of *The Imitation*, our Lord addresses the Disciple: "Son, thou must not be cast down when thou hearest what the way of the perfect is, but rather be incited thereby to undertake great things or at least to sigh after them with an earnest desire." And in the fourteenth chapter of the almost inspired Book IV the soul says in turn to her Divine Spouse: "Though I burn not at present with so great a desire as those who are so singularly devoted to Thee, yet by Thy grace I desire to have this same great inflamed desire." The Latin brings out our own special point more emphatically: "Illius magni inflammati desiderii desiderium habeo." *Desiderii desiderium*—the desire of a desire. *Concupivi desiderare.*

A thousand years before Thomas à Kempis St. Augustine had discussed our text with his usual thoroughness and subtlety. He asks, how can a desire be coveted without that desire being itself actually in our hearts at once? "For it is not (he says) some beautiful substance, as gold, which a man may long for without having, because that is situate without, not in the man. This coveting and this desire are both within the soul. Why, then, is the possession of this desire coveted after, as though it were brought in from without? Or how can the coveting of the desire be felt without the desire itself being felt also?" And then the great Penitent Saint, who had himself exemplified this mere desire of a desire—"Release me from my sin, O Lord; but, O Lord, not yet, not yet!"—he proceeds to draw a distinction between the longing for some desire when that desire lies within the range of the person's will, and again when it lies outside it. For instance, a sick man who has lost all appetite desires to recover the desire for food; but this latter desire depends on the condition of the palate and other bodily organs, and does not lie within the jurisdiction of the rational will, which, therefore, cannot influence it directly; whereas the desire of observing God's law,

and the desire to feel such a desire, both belong to the will, and the latter less perfect desire, if sincere, must needs lead on to the former.

For it all comes in the end to be a mere question of the degree of our sincerity, a test of the earnestness of our good will, a diluted form of St. Ignatius's Three Classes of Men,—a spiritual application of the blunt Yankee's measure of sympathy, when certain persons were expressing keen sympathy with a poor widow and her orphans: "Friend, how much do *you* sympathize? I sympathize ten dollars."

However, there can be real sympathy that is never transmitted into dollars; and there can be generous desires that never take to themselves wings, but remain always in their chrysalis or caterpillar state of mere desires. And if we go a little beyond that text which we have repeated so often from the 118th Psalm and speak, not of the desire of a desire, but of good desires themselves, we shall find great things said in their favor in God's inspired word and by His saints. But, before going back to more ancient and sacred authorities, let me cite abruptly, out of place, two modern testimonies, from men so different as Newman and Thomas Carlyle. In an out-of-the-way corner of his writings, in his preface to Palmer's *Visit to the Russian Church*, Cardinal Newman says: "After all, *pia desideria* are not bad things, though nothing comes of them—at least, though nothing comes of them at once." And Carlyle, whom you would expect to hear growling at mere desires, quotes from some one, "Our wishes are the presentiments of our capabilities." "That is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men. True desire, the monition of nature, is much to be attended to. But (he adds) we must distinguish between true and false desire, as doctors between true and false appetite."

If we dared to mount so high, we might seek a proof of the efficaciousness of good desires by asking how far the coming of our Divine Redeemer, the Desired of nations, was hastened by the desires of the saints of the Old Law, and especially by the desires of the Immaculate Virgin Mary. The Archangel who announced the coming of our Lord to His Blessed Mother, announced it afar off to the prophet Daniel. Why was Daniel so honored? God Himself tells us by the lips of Gabriel: "O Daniel, I am come to

show it to thee because thou art a man of desires."[3] And twice afterwards the Archangel addresses him thus: "Daniel, thou man of desires, understand the words that I speak to thee" (10:11). And again: "Fear not, O man of desires, peace be to thee. Take courage and be strong."

We know indeed that Daniel did not confine himself to desires. We know that he fasted and prayed and kept himself pure in the midst of a heathen court. His days were as full of good deeds as his heart was full of good desires. But I am justified in laying such emphasis on the thrice-repeated title, which, in the usage of spiritual writers, has become identified with the holy prophet's name—"*vir desideriorum*—the man of desires."

If, however, there were any doubt as to whether the encomiums bestowed on good desires can be earned by the desires which remain to the end mere desires, the next testimony I shall adduce is clear and express on this point. Refraining from citing many words of Holy Writ that bear strongly on the subject, let us pass over some two thousand years and bring forward a great Christian saint as a witness to the efficacy of even such good desires as never blossom into deeds. It is no young saint like Stanislaus Kostka, with his eighteen years, or Agnes, with her thirteen years, who might seem to require to supplement the little they had time to do for God by the great things that they longed to do for Him. It is none of these youthful saints who have earned a day's wages by merely a morning's work without having to "bear the burden of the day and the heats," as the loiterers in the parable were allowed to make up for lost time at the other end of the day by working hard in the cool of the evening. It is none of these, but a saint of full years, hard work, and great achievements, the wonderful saint who did so much for God, that when a clever Frenchman, M. Villemarqué, wished to pay the highest compliment to the Patroness of Ireland, he could think of no grander title to give to St. Brigid than to call her the St. Teresa of the Celts.

St. Teresa had an enthusiastic client in England soon after Shakespeare's time. Even as a Protestant, Richard Crashaw paid eloquent homage to the Virgin of Carmel; and after his conversion he wrote an apology for this "Hymn to the name and honor of

[3] Daniel 9:23.

the admirable St. Teresa," in which he apostrophizes the saint thus:

"O thou undaunted daughter of desires!"

We might consider this a mere random epithet of the poet, and not a happy one to apply to a saint of deeds rather than of desires. Yet the title is curiously justified by the words with which St. Teresa began and these others by which she ended her career as a grand religious foundress, reformer, and legislator. When she was appointed Prioress of the Convent of the Incarnation at Avila under the most difficult circumstances possible, these were among the words by which she introduced herself to her not very docile subjects: "I know our weakness, it is great. But if we do not in our deeds come up to all that our Lord asks of us, we will try to do so in our desires." And at the end of her life, after many laborious years, when she was on her death-bed at Alva—the two extremities of her life were Avila and Alva—these were again among the words that her daughters took down carefully from her dying lips: "Always cherish great desires, for from these you will derive immense profit, even though you should never have an opportunity of carrying them into execution."

Here we have the saint speaking distinctly of desires that are to remain forever desires. One would have thought that such a saint as Teresa, so practical, so hard-working, so energetic, achieving such wonders—we might expect her rather to inveigh against the silliness and feebleness of such desires; yet we have just heard her commending them so earnestly with her last breath. It is but honest, however, to confess that on the same solemn occasion she exhorted her spiritual children "never to fall short by one hair's breadth of what belongs to religious perfection." And a similar corrective is always either expressed or understood by spiritual writers when they inculcate the efficacy of good desires.

For instance, Cornelius à Lapide—and he is holy enough to be classed among spiritual writers—commenting on the 23d verse of the eleventh chapter of Proverbs, "the desire of the just is all good," compares it with what he calls a well-known saying: "*Tota vita justi est boni desiderium*—the entire life of the just man is the desire of what is good"—which again seems a recol-

lection of St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, Book XX, Chapter 17: "Tota vita Christiani desiderium est—a Christian's whole life is desire." Where St. Augustine goes on to say: "Quanto quisque est sanctior et desiderii sancti plenior, tanto est ejus in orando fletus uberior"—implying that *sanctior* and *desiderii sancti plenior* are synonymous terms, and that to be holy is to be full of holy desires.

In this place Cornelius à Lapide says that an easy practice for increasing in every virtue and merit is to conceive frequent and ardent desires of them. For by these desires (he adds) we strengthen and increase in the soul every sort of virtue, even if through poverty, sickness, or other deficiency we are unable to exercise them exteriorly. For instance, a poor man having an efficacious and ardent desire of giving an alms if he had means to do so may gain more of the merit of almsgiving than a rich man who actually gives a large alms with less perfect dispositions. So with a sick person who cannot fast or work. A religious—I am still using the words of Cornelius à Lapide—a religious who is bound by obedience to one sort of work may, by prayer and holy interest and desire, acquire more merit from some other work of zeal than the very person who is actually applied to that work.

This is a doctrine often urged by St. Bernard, and the point is very well brought out in the old story about the preacher and the lay-brother, which has been told often before, but latest by two kindred souls. Rose Mulholland gives it in prose in her *Spiritual Counsels for the Young*:

"A great preacher held the multitude spellbound by his eloquence, as money poured in for the charity in aid of which the sermon was preached. Afterwards, in the silence of the night, the preacher's heart swelled with deep satisfaction at the result of his earnest effort; but an angel of God appeared to him, and told him that his success was due, not to his own gifts, or even his sincerity of purpose, but rather to the prayers of the poor old lay-brother who had sat unseen on the lowest step of the pulpit and prayed while he preached."

Adelaide Proctor turns the story into simple verse:

The monk was preaching: strong his earnest word,
From the abundance of his earnest heart he spoke,
And the flame spread; in every soul that heard,
Sorrow, and love, and good resolve awoke:

The poor lay-brother, ignorant and old,
Thanked God that he had heard such words of gold.

"Still let the glory, Lord, be thine alone,"
So prayed the Monk, his heart absorbed in praise:
"Thine be the glory: if my hands have sown,
The harvest ripened in Thy mercy's rays.
It was Thy blessing, Lord, that made my word
Bring light and love to every soul that heard.

"O Lord, I thank Thee that my feeble strength
Has been so blest; that sinful hearts and cold
Were melted at my pleading—knew at length
How sweet Thy service and how safe Thy fold;
While souls that loved Thee saw before them rise
Still holier heights of loving sacrifice."

So prayed the Monk: when suddenly he heard
An angel speaking thus: "Know, O my son,
Thy words had all been vain, but hearts were stirred,
And saints were edified and sinners won
By his, the poor lay-brother's humble aid
Who sat upon the pulpit stair and prayed."

There is no need to guard ourselves against any self-delusion about being generous or heroic or full of zeal simply on the strength of pretended desires that cost us nothing and are never brought to the test. It is pretty plain that the saints whom we have cited speak of no dreamy sentimentality, no spiritual castle-building, but of real, honest desires, eager to turn themselves into deeds whenever the opportunity presents itself or can be caught hold of, if it is shy of coming forward. Our good desires, therefore, must be sincere and earnest, not like those of the coward and the sluggard, of whom it is written in the Book of Proverbs, "He willeth and he willeth not,—*vult et non vult piger;*" and again: "Desires kill the slothful, for his hands have refused to work at all" (Prov. 21: 25). Whereas as for us, on the contrary, we shall strive to obey the injunction of Ecclesiastes 9: 10: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it earnestly," proving, by our readiness in doing the possible easy things near us, the sincerity of our desire for higher and harder things which God may never ask from us.

For St. Paul says (II Cor. 8: 12): "The will is accepted according to that which it hath, not according to that which it

hath not." And St. Augustine says: "God crowns the good will when He finds not in His creature the power of doing." And St. Thomas Aquinas says: "All the formal goodness of an act depends on the goodness of the interior act which is elicited by the will." The same saint, when his sister asked him how one could become holy, answered, "by wishing it." And one higher than St. Thomas said: "*Si vis perfectus esse.*" All, then, may be said to rest with the human will; for God's grace, which is always wanted, is never wanting.

May that divine grace strengthen us "never to fall short by one hair's breadth of what belongs to religious perfection;" but may it also prompt us to obey the other admonition which we have already quoted from the same dying saint: "Always cherish great desires." May we cherish them so humbly, so earnestly, so perseveringly, as to enable our good, merciful, and generous Lord to do what His Heart is yearning to do—to take the will for the deed, and to reward us not only for what we have done for His sake, but also for what we have desired to do, nay, even for what we have desired to desire. *Concupivit anima mea desiderare.*

MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

Dublin, Ireland.

CATHOLIC GRIEVANCES—THEIR REMEDY.

THE editor of the ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW has requested me to initiate a discussion on the best manner of redressing the religious grievances suffered by Catholics in the United States. It will not be necessary to enter again upon the ground already passed over in my addresses and articles relating to the existence of the grievances themselves. The light of public opinion has been strongly focused upon them, and whatever ignorance existed regarding them has now been dispelled.

Fortunately the press has given great assistance. Newspapers and periodicals, Catholic and non-Catholic, religious and secular, have eagerly participated in the discussion. Criticism, whether favorable or unfavorable, has been very conducive to the dissemination of the truth—the main object proposed from the outset of

the agitation. A campaign of education was begun and continued with such earnestness and unanimity on the part of Catholics, that there are now very few, even among non-Catholics, who do not realize that our grievances are many and weighty—such as demand serious consideration, and the adaptation of effective means towards their redress. Briefly, they are: Freedom of conscience in public institutions, the public school question, the treatment of Catholic Indians and the like, along with other numerous evils already in existence or certain to arise in our new possessions.

Up to the present the public attention has been occupied with the exposition of grievances. Their remedy has been referred to, but not presented in any definite plan.

It is surely not necessary to accentuate the need of organization for the purpose of executing any plan selected. Nevertheless, it may not be out of place to touch upon the subject. While bigotry is not by any means dead in this country, most of us will agree with Mr. James E. Wright, who, in the August number of *Donahoe's Magazine*, expresses the opinion that the "careful exclusion of Catholics from any of the Commissions" (to our new possessions) "has not been instigated by bigotry, but . . . is a carefully considered move in the political game . . . under the instruction of astute advisers." Reëlection was of the first importance; everything else must be subservient to it. "Had there been appointed," continues Mr. Wright, "even one prominent representative American Catholic on each of the Commissions to the Catholic peoples of the new possessions, the reports submitted . . . would quite likely have been different, and probably would have led to considerable public discussion upon the subjects of education, of marriage, and of the various complex questions arising from the abrupt severance of Church and State. All danger of this was avoided by the selection of exclusively non-Catholic Commissioners. For a similar reason . . . Protestant superintendents of schools have also been appointed for each of the new territories. If American Catholics were chagrined at their ostracism, anti-Catholic sentiment . . . was profoundly elated.. . . In a word, taking all the circumstances of the situation into account, the course followed . . . was doubtless considered carefully, and it seems to have been a

shrewd one from the viewpoint of the mere politician whose chief object is an election."

In other words, during a presidential or other campaign it is quite safe to ignore Catholics. And whom have we to blame but ourselves? It has, then, come to this, that politicians looking over the field and weighing the factors on which success will necessarily depend, do not find that the interests of Catholics, as American citizens, must be taken into consideration. What a sad commentary upon the policy of silence to which we have been so long and so tenaciously devoted!

In my opinion organization should be substituted for this policy of silence. For years we have been trifled with and deprived of our rights, often for no other reason than that we are Catholics, and it is high time to devise and to apply a remedy. A sad experience has convinced us that individual effort is useless, except in very rare instances. Even when those eminent in religious or secular affairs have sought redress they have secured very little, if any—precisely because they were supported by no tangible, organized body which commanded attention and urged just concessions.

As regards freedom of conscience in public institutions, Catholics are better off, perhaps, in New Jersey than in many other States of the Union; yet I have been placed in a similar humiliating position when seeking due representation on the boards of management of public institutions, so that the full religious rights of the Catholic inmates might be obtained, exercised, and protected. "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just," I found had but a very remote application. The authorities greeted me with exuberant courtesy, but my requests for the enjoyment of undoubted rights were often futile, and probably were not conceded serious attention. The rights of citizenship do not so strongly appeal to the reigning politician as his own interests, and they are dependent upon the political party which he has espoused. At the present time there are not a few in political life who are concerned solely with whatever will either advance or prove an obstacle to their political ambitions.

It was not thought wise, when giving publicity to our grievances, to anticipate public opinion among Catholics by offering, at

the same time, a definite plan or remedy. Therefore, in my letters and addresses to societies composed of Catholics, even organization was referred to only in a tentative way. It was suggested that if societies composed of Catholics retaining their identity and pursuing their own aims independently of one another, touched at certain points, the resulting bond of union would enable them to exert concerted influence, possessing value whenever and wherever bigots attempted the invasion of our rights. Care was taken to state clearly that no movement, purposing to advance Catholics, as Catholics, to political office would be serviceable. In the United States, political office cannot be claimed by the adherents, as such, of any form of religion. Nevertheless, an American citizen should not be discriminated against simply because he is a Catholic, or because he has aided Catholics when there was question of their constitutional rights. Moreover, it was emphatically announced that no organization directed against any political party, merely as a party, could be regarded with favor; that it was not contemplated to interfere with party affiliations. Catholics, in their political and civil relations, must be guided and controlled, of course, by the laws of morality; they cannot admit that there is one code of ethics, one interpretation of the Ten Commandments for the individual and another for the nation. The words of the Saviour are as true to-day as when He uttered them nineteen centuries ago: "Render, therefore, to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." The ballot must be cast in the light of moral principles and conscientiously. Adherence to these principles, however, will not forbid us to oppose ignorant, presumptuous bigotry, or to prevent its followers from entering political life in America.

The object desired is evident enough, although we may not so clearly perceive the means leading up to its attainment. We may learn a lesson from our Protestant fellow-citizens. They stand up courageously in defence of their rights. If the National Administration, the State Legislatures, or local boards, attempt to interfere with the smallest claim of the sects, their protests are heard in clarion tones throughout the length and breadth of the land, and delegation after delegation of their representative laymen besiege the halls of legislation. As a rule they have been

victorious. Very few politicians care to withstand determined public opposition. In fact, public sentiment, properly manifested, is often necessary to enable them to obtain justice for their constituents. The advice given by General Grant, when President, may serve as an illustration: "These people get together, call meetings, get up petitions, and send deputies down here, and thus they often secure their object. Now, that is what you Catholics should do. Get together, make out a statement of your case, and back it with as much force as you can muster." This is good advice; it is brief and right to the point. It is likewise in perfect harmony with our form of government. The citizen is acting strictly within the rights of citizenship when he resorts to such measures to obtain or to defend his rights. Indeed, he may be justly accused of neglect if he does not exercise this prerogative when the occasion demands.

This is the goal to be reached; in what manner can we best advance towards it? The federation of all societies composed of Catholics has been debated for several years, and certain leaders among the laity, belonging to the principal organizations, have even taken steps towards its consummation by calling meetings and by outlining constitutions. This movement has not been primarily inaugurated for the redress of grievances; there are many other reasons given why such a union is desirable. Through federation we would have at hand a body of men trained by experience in the management of organizations, many of whom are anxious and ready to employ their knowledge for the purpose suggested. Shall the movement which they have begun be assisted and directed, or shall it be allowed to run its course and probably expire, mainly because it has not received that counsel and encouragement which would have brought success?

It is alleged that the difficulties and dangers connected with societies would be multiplied in a general organization. If we are to be discouraged by obstacles which, after all, are not insurmountable, then we have departed far from the spirit of our heroic ancestors, who sacrificed life itself rather than surrender either religious or civil rights. But why should we fear? American Catholics are worthy of their forefathers. Point the way; let legitimate, constitutional, prudent means be selected, and they will

give most cheerful support. No one can deny that the American Catholic possesses the courage of his convictions.

It is well to remark that any organization taking up the redress of religious grievances must be under wise control, else many mistakes may be made, and it cannot hope to enjoy, what is very necessary, the confidence of conservative, prudent leaders among the clergy and laity.

In some places diocesan unions already exist. Shall federation be accomplished by the formation of other unions, and their aggregation, all leading up to archdiocesan unions, all under spiritual direction, and culminating in a national union? Such a union having been accomplished, religious grievances existing only in a State, after all ordinary means had been exhausted, could be brought to the attention of the diocesan unions within the same, for the benefit of their combined action. The influence of all the societies constituting the national union would be exerted in a question possessing national importance.

Should this plan not meet with favor, might the end be attained by a national board elected by the societies of the United States, this board being under a spiritual director? Again, if the latter plan is not suitable, would the following prove satisfactory? The International Truth Society, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is already organized. The society has selected several boards for special duties. One board, composed of prominent archbishops, bishops, priests, and laymen, is kept informed of the work of the society, and consulted in all important matters.

The work in which the society is engaged may be briefly summed up as follows:

1. The refutation of all misrepresentations, calumnies, etc., against the Catholic Church; 2. The creation of a demand for Catholic literature; 3. The distribution of Catholic literature in sparsely settled districts, among Catholics and non-Catholics, by requesting Catholics to re-mail their Catholic papers and magazines.

This society is willing also to assist in remedying injustice when called upon, and its executive committee will gather together all data relating to a case presented, obtain legal advice, and, when satisfied that action is necessary, quietly bring the ques-

tion before the proper authorities. Should this prove futile, the matter will be brought before the directors of the society. When their approval has been obtained, a formal protest, previously submitted to them, shall be sent to the chief officers of every Catholic organization in the United States. These having been made aware of the justice and urgency of the case, and the authoritative source whence the protest arises, could sign it. Such a protest, representing the sentiments of the thousands of members belonging to Catholic organizations would, beyond doubt, have very great weight, and effect that which individual effort had been unable to obtain.

It will be seen that this plan is substantially the same as the others. It possesses, however, an advantage which should not be overlooked, viz., an organization already formed, and capable of immediately entering upon the work. It may be well to observe that, while this society is independent of the federation of Catholic societies, it could employ that organization in the accomplishment of this special work.

Again, it has been suggested that a Truth Society might be established in every archdiocese, and diocesan branches added as might be found feasible, all tending to a national organization formed for the same ends, and employing methods similar to those of the International Truth Society.

It will be noticed that the plans here outlined are merely suggestive, and that they require development. This would naturally come after the adoption of a specific plan. In the object to be obtained they agree and their methods are alike. They differ only in the formation of the organization.

It is possible that none of these plans may meet with universal favor. Let, therefore, others be proposed. Every Catholic, ecclesiastic and layman, recognizes the need of a remedy. Let us have an earnest discussion of the subject, give it our best thought, and, having found a legitimate, honorable, and wise solution of the problem, reduce it to practice and prosecute it to a successful consummation.

J. A. McFaul.

Bishop's House, Trenton, N. J.

LUKE DELMEGE: IDIOTA.[1]

XXII.—EUTHANASIA.

SIR ATHELSTAN WILSON had got all he coveted in this life, and all he desired in eternity, which he regarded as a vague, ill-defined, and unscientific quantity. He had snatched out of the melée of life and from under the teeth of Orange mastiffs a dainty morsel. They gnashed their teeth in rage; and he—well, he was not satisfied. Who is? Well, where's the use in tearing a moral to tatters? But there were two things that spoiled his pleasure. That agile and most modest microbe still declined his solicitations, and there was a blank in his life besides. For he missed, in the morning and the evening, the face and figure of his child; the little caresses that smoothed out, at least in fancy, the furrows and fissures of Time and Care. And then he did not understand why she should be sacrificed. He always thought Antigone a fool to trouble so much about a corpse.

"Why don't these clergymen mind their own business?" he said to his good wife. "They are forever intermeddling in family matters. Barbara would be here at home but for that excellent brother of yours."

"I'm sure the Canon is not to blame," she whispered; "Louis could not be left alone, and you know this house would be no asylum for him."

"I never intended it should," said the doctor. "That young gentleman must reap his wild oats where he sowed them. But if your charitable brother is so devoted to Louis, has he not a room at his presbytery to give him?"

"He has already offered his hospitality to Louis and Barbara," said the mother, with a little of the old spirit. "When they return from this brief trip they will stay with their uncle until Louis' health is completely restored."

"'Twill be a protracted visit," said the doctor.

"It will be a pleasant one," retorted Lady Wilson. "Thank God, *my* children have found in their priests their best and kindest friends."

Which shows that Lady Wilson had a little both of mother love and mother wit.

[1] *Copyrighted*, 1900, by the AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

Luke Delmege did not visit the prison on Tuesday. He came up to town to make definite and final arrangements with the bishop to affiliate to his adopted diocese. He had already written home to demand his *exeat* from his native diocese; and, as Seathorpe had blotted out Lisnalee from the map of his future, he thought he might as well make assurance doubly sure by taking out his affiliation at once. The bishop was from home, and Luke asked Father Sheldon for a walk, in which he might unbosom himself to his friend. The latter did persuade him to call on the Wilsons; but they were out for a short visit, said the old housekeeper.

So the two good friends, Celt and Saxon as they were, once more found themselves amongst soldiers and babies on the well-trodden banks of the Serpentine, where Father Sheldon some years back had tried to extract that ailing tooth, and had failed egregiously.

"I need hardly tell you, Sheldon," said Luke, bluntly, "that I have come to town with a purpose. My seven years' probation is up, and I am about to affiliate, once and forever, to this diocese."

Father Sheldon walked along slowly and in silence.

"I've made up my mind," said Luke, continuing, "that my work lies here in England. Everything points to it. So far, I have been fairly successful; and I have no doubt but that a still wider and more—well, useful career lies before me."

"You have given the matter a good deal of consideration?" said Father Sheldon.

"Yes. In fact, I have made up my mind on the subject since my last visit home."

"H'm. I'd advise you to return to Ireland!"

"What?" said Luke, stopping and looking angrily at his friend.

"I'd advise you to return home as soon as you are free to do so," said Father Sheldon, quietly. "You will do better there than here."

"I don't understand you, Sheldon," said Luke. "Do you mean that I've been a failure here?"

"N—no," said Father Sheldon, languidly. "But I think

that eventually you would make better strides with your feet upon your native heather."

"You speak as one not knowing," said Luke. "Why, man, if I were to return now, I should have to commence all over again."

"How is that?" asked his friend.

"You see, everything in Ireland is fixed in a cast-iron mould. They don't understand change, which is progress. Everything is judged by age. You buy a bottle of wine—the first question is: How old is it? You buy a horse: How old? Everything is old, and feeble, and decrepit; and no matter how distinguished a man may be in England or in America, you sink down to a cipher the moment you touch the Irish shore; and a Newman or a Lacordaire takes his place at the end of the queue. No one asks: What can you do? or, What have you done? But, How old are you? How long have you been on the mission? Result: After a few spasmodic efforts, which become convulsive, you sink into lethargy, from which there is no awakening. You become aged, not by years, but by despair."

"That is sad. But you have work nevertheless, have you not?"

"Of course; but uncongenial. Every round man is in a square hole, and every square man in a round hole. There's a great friend of mine (you must come over to see him)—"

"No, thank you," said Father Sheldon. "I don't value life too highly, but I don't care to throw it away in curiosity."

"You're joking. They'll pray for you in the Cathedral while you're in the proximate danger of death; but I was saying that distinguished man, a graduate of Heidelberg, a good German scholar, is banished to a strip of sand, down by the sea, which he calls a parish. I assure you he would do honor to any diocese or church in England."

"Pretty bad. Have you approached the bishop here?"

"No, not yet. But that's all right. I don't want much. I'm not ambitious. But there's a little place down there in Sussex, where a resident priest is badly wanting. I shall propose to the bishop to allow me to open a mission there. Of course, the income is miserable, but I can eke out a subsistence with my pen."

"Have you tried as yet that expeditious way of making ends meet?"

"Well, no. But I know that Dr. Drysdale manages to make a clean hundred a year with his pen."

"Oh! Well," said Father Sheldon, shrugging his shoulders, "I suppose you must only await the bishop's decision. By the way, do you know Halleck?"

"Yes, well. A clever fellow. Indeed, the only one in my congregation that I fear on Sundays."

"Indeed? You needn't fear him much longer, I think."

"How? Is he going abroad?"

"No. But he has started a religion of his own, like all good Englishmen. He calls himself an 'eclectic.'"

"By Jove! I didn't hear that. Now that I remember, Drysdale was speculating lately what he would do with certain people who were what he called latitudinarian."

"Well. And what did he decide?"

"He would not admit them to Sacraments. Rather hard, I thought. I didn't know he meant Halleck. Where did Halleck split?"

"Nowhere in particular. Slipped his anchors and went aground."

"That's horrible. I must look him up, poor fellow, and bring him back. I always told Drysdale that these frigid sermons of his would do mischief. He couldn't understand that we must keep pace with the age and read up all that it has to say. You couldn't expect a man like Halleck to sit still under first, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, fifthly, sixthly of the old-fashioned *prônes*. But it is so hard to convince old fossils of these things that seem axiomatic."

"Quite so. But Halleck went further. It was an article in the *Athenæum* that revealed him. Something about the *Book of Thoth*."

Luke turned white and crimson alternately. It was a dread shock to a soul that, if anything, was faithful beyond measure to his old principles and beliefs. The thought that he, Luke Delmege, through false notions of culture, sprung from human vanity, should actually be instrumental in wrecking the faith of

an able and distinguished convert, was too horrible. He could conceive no more dire calamity. He knew well what Father Sheldon meant; and the old text about "the lying prophets" smote on his memory. He foresaw the consequences to himself. But he was too generous to heed them. He only thought that he had been instrumental in imperilling, if not altogether ruining, the salvation of a soul. The two friends walked up and down in silence for a time. Then Luke moaned aloud; but, choking down his emotion, he said humbly:

"Let us return. I must catch the evening train to Aylesbury."

It was a very gentle, conscience-stricken man, that entered the county prison next morning. In cell 21, on the first corridor, he found his prisoner.

"Pretty bad business, sir," said the warder. It was the old, old story. The perfumed and effeminate imperialist, fresh from the voluptuousness of the capital, and the strong-thewed gladiator from Scythia, grimed from the soot of battle, and hardened from the baptisms of fire. And it was all for England, and England did not know it. How could she? And how could that scented idiot understand the awful death he was summoning from a smitten soul, when he walked around that clean, brave man, and called him "a dirty Irish pig."

"Wance more," said the pig, "and he's in hell."

"Keep quiet, ye ruffian," said his comrade, "and let the divil and his piper pass."

Too late. For the piper piped:

"One step to the rear, you, sir, till I examine your kit."

Then the cartridge was slipped quietly into its deadly cradle.

"And thin," said the prisoner, "he kem in front av me, and laughed. An' somethin' snapped in me head, and my finger tetched the thrigger; an' he was lying in a heap on the ground. That's all!"

"There's no defence possible here," thought Luke.

None. And in a few weeks the sentence went forth. Death for death.

"I've wan request to make, my Lord," said the prisoner. "Gi' me the priest, and let me be hanged in half an hour."

Monstrous! That would be contrary to all precedent. It would be abominable cruelty. Four weeks at least should intervene. Four weeks of fiendish torture—the torture of seeing a cruel and inevitable horror creeping hour by hour and minute by minute before one's eyes, without a hope of escape or mitigation. Four weeks of slow death, to which the brutalities of the Sioux and the Comanche were mercy. For there, whilst the knives quivered in the victim's flesh, and the tomahawks sang over his head, his blood was on fire with anger and pride; and, as in the heat of battle men will not feel the sting and smart of wounds, so under physical torture men heed neither pain nor death. But lo! that awakening in the morning from dreams of childhood—from daisied meadows and laughing streams and brilliant sunshine to the whitewash of the condemned cell, and the dread spectre of the fatal morning one day nearer; and Oh! the long hours of consciousness, unbroken by one single moment's distraction from the tense horror that haunts him; and Oh! the presence of these silent warders, watching, watching, lest the wretched victim should escape the vengeance of the law; and the very luxury of the food that is proffered and sent away uneaten, as if food could quench the burning wheels of a brain on fire with dread foreboding; and the cold, calculated sympathy, whilst the meshes are tightening around the doomed one; and finally, the hideous drama on the fatal morning, to which the horrors of the Roman arena were but stage representations, so cold, and callous, and inexorable does the hand of man choke out the immortal soul; and then the unspeakable mockery of calling this hideous and hidden tragedy a "painless death;" Oh! 'tis all too dreadful even for this polished and cultured generation, that knows nothing and cares less for the charity of Christ.

It was a happy distraction for Luke that his sympathies were engaged in soothing the last days of this unhappy man; for his own supreme folly would otherwise have driven him half-mad. Yes! Halleck had apostatized; and the fine eclecticism of Amiel Lefevril could not mitigate the shame or the horror. The positive, divine truth of the Catholic truth never struck Luke Delmege so forcibly as when he realized that playing with the

ineffable mysteries of faith was a dangerous game. Doctrines to be proved; objections to be met; principles to be defended—all this sounded commonplace to a dialectician, and scarcely affected his sense of responsibility. But "a soul lost by your misdirection!" The thought was too dreadful. The sad work of preparing a criminal for death came as a relief. But how Luke was tortured during that month of gloom his diary testifies.

"*August 18.*—Said Mass for Halleck. Poor fellow gone abroad. No trace. Visited Donnelly. Bearing up well, he says, but in the morning when he wakes and the dread horror strikes him! Is very repentant, poor fellow. Discussion with Canon about capital punishment, on theological principles. Where and when was society invested with the supreme attribute of taking human life? He could only say, in the wretched formula, 'Commencez, Messieurs les assassins!'

"*August 20.*—Letter from Sheldon. Wilsons going abroad. Letter from Father Martin. Great annoyance at home at the thought of my leaving my native diocese. Saw poor Donnelly. The good nuns spent two hours with him to-day. Very much consoled. 'Father, if I could get my blood up, 'twould be all right. Would it be any harm to pick a quarrel with these poor fellows and have a friendly fight? If they'd take me out wanst a day and scourge me, 'twould make me mad, an' I'd have somethin' to think about besides the drop.' Paid a short visit to the Lefevrils. Rarely go there now. They cannot understand my awful trouble about Halleck. 'He's made no change,' they say; 'he's as he always was.' The devil himself cannot knock this notion of private judgment out of the minds of these English. Why should he, indeed? 'Tis his trump card.

"*August 21.*—Sunday. Mass at convent. Preached at *Missa Cantata*. The Canon very kind about Halleck's affair. He actually, for the first time, said a kind word about my sermon, which I considered commonplace. Why are the old so economical about kind words to the young? They are cheap; and God only knows what a splendid tonic is a kind word. I cannot get poor Donnelly out of my head. His face haunts me. The drawn look on the cheeks, the staring eyes, the cold, clammy perspiration on his forehead and in his hands. What a mercy if they had hanged him a fortnight ago! Yet another fortnight—twenty thousand minutes of anguish, and each minute a hell! I cannot sleep these nights. Donnelly and Halleck haunt me. Which is worse—the dead soul or the strangled body?

"*August 22.*—The Canon and I have a bad falling-out about this poor fellow. I put it bluntly to him last night after tea: what right has society, if it has the right to destroy human life at all, which I emphatically deny, to heap up torture of this kind on a condemned man, and then plunge him into a fearful and appalling death? Why does not she,—I suppose it is *she*,—use the more merciful form, the Socratic hemlock or chloroform? Who gave society the right to torture as well as to kill?

"Letter from bishop. Rather ambiguous. A great many if's and but's. Who knows? Perhaps, after all, I shall return to Ireland. *Infandum!*

"*August 24.*—Reading up St. Thomas to-day. Ugh! It's like eating sawdust after Mill and Stewart. Why—well, there I am again, always questioning, always puzzled. A letter from the old gentleman at Seathorpe, asking whether I had con-

sidered his proposal. Certainly, my dear old friend, but others have to consider too. Wrote to-day to Donnelly's P.P. in Ireland. 'Av I had took his advice I wouldn't be here the day. Throw aff that red rag, he used say, and come home, an' be a dacent man.' *Sic damnatus!*

"*August 25.*—Letter from Olivette Lefevril, enclosing one from Halleck and detailing his future plans. Evidently uneasy in his horrible apostasy and flinging all the blame on me!!! 'Quite clear,' he says, 'that a good many Roman Catholic clergymen are of my way of thinking. Indeed, it was the sermons of our good friend, Mr. Delmege, that gave this fresh bias to my thoughts!' What a beastly lie! The fellow was always a freethinker and hardly concealed it. I defy any one to quote a single passage from my sermons that is not orthodox!

"*August 27.*—Looked up all my sermons yesterday again. There's not a word that could be construed, even by the foulest imagination, into an apology, or the faintest shadow of excuse, for heresy in any shape or form. Why, 'tis the very thing I have always hated and loathed. But these English hypocrites are forever seeking to fling over the blame of their apostasies on others. Even the good Cardinal: 'England did not abandon the faith; she was robbed of it.' Bosh! Poor Donnelly calmer, except in the morning. Yes; one gets used to everything in this world!

"*August 29.*—Nothing would do this old gentleman but to drag up this infernal question again. He seems to gloat over the horrible approaching death of poor Donnelly. I wonder was Christianity ever preached in this country? 'Coming near the end, sir!' said the old governor to-day, rubbing his hands, as if he were after playing a game of whist. 'Bearing up well, poor chap!' Casabianca complaining and whining that his nerves are disturbed by the sounds of the carpenters at the scaffold! Ugh! Isn't it horrible? I suppose I'll never sleep again. I was alone, after Benediction to-night in the church, trying to say a prayer for poor Donnelly. Alone with HIM! Then a sudden horror seized me, and I fled.

"*August 30.*—'A couple of days more, yer Reverence, and 'twill be all over. Yer Reverence, wouldn't ye say a little word to rouse me and make me forget meself? Whin the nuns come here I'm all right for hours after.' I wonder what does the poor fellow mean? The Canon opened up the matter again to-night. Society has to use the law as a deterrent and a punishment, as well as a protection. This I denied *in toto*. Society has a right to protect itself—no more. Can it be protected by locking up criminals? If so, then it has no right to murder. If it has a right to take life, then that should be done in the easiest and decentest manner. 'But this is a painless death!' No use in talking. The English have no imagination. A painless death! A death into which all the horrors of hell are concentrated; a death to which all the alleged tortures of the Middle Ages were the sweetest ecstasies. I wonder will I keep my reason the fatal morning? I have been thinking of asking Drysdale to take my place. But poor Donnelly won't have it. Oh! if I could but sleep. And Halleck attending Mass and going to Communion in Chalons, so the papers say.

"*September 1.*—The Canon hints broadly that I'm not wanted in the diocese. *He bien!* The world is all before me, where to choose. But have I cut the ground from under my feet at home? Let me suppose that the bishop sent over my *exeat*, as I requested, where am I? Nobody's child. Donnelly, I fear, will lose his reason, and so shall I. There's a look as of a maniac in his eye. The nuns soothe

him wonderfully with the story of the Passion of our Lord. 'Spake to me of that,' he says, 'an' I'm all right.' I try to console him with the assurance that we are all moving in the same direction as himself. 'Spake to me of *that*,' he says. Poor fellow! And he had looked into the black mouth of the cannon without fear, in the mutiny, when the Sepoys had actually touched the powder with the fuse.

"*September 2.*—Said Mass for poor Donnelly. Looked up all my past sermons again. I offered to submit them to the Canon last night, and let him say was there anything objectionable in them. 'No, thank you!' was his reply. Letter from my Anglican friend at Seathorpe, asking me to use my great influence with his uncle to secure an advance of a few pounds; or, if I preferred, to advance the money myself. Just imagine the pride of his daughters and their hauteur, and then this contemptible mendicancy. Donnelly in a bad state. Eyes staring; hands trembling; no food. Something will snap in his head again, I fear. He told me this morning he had had a sunstroke in India. This accounts for a good deal.

"*September 3.*—Visited Donnelly. Strange to say, he's cooler and quieter than he has been since his sentence. Poor fellow! He made me sole legatee. Medals, Lucknow, Oude, a cane wreathed with serpents, an idol stolen from a Burmese pagoda, and a stone—topaz, I think—which, he says, seen under a peculiar light, breaks into flames, etc. What a strange history! The history of a vagrant and ubiquitous race, that hate their country when they are in it, and yearn for it when they are absent. I wonder shall I sleep to-night. . . . Broke down in resolution this afternoon, and asked the Canon to accompany poor Donnelly to death. I can never face it. 'No, thank you!' was his reply. I wonder what strange chemical did the Lord mix with the clay from which He fashioned these good English?"

Here the diary breaks off and is not resumed for many a day. It would appear that Luke, after a sleepless night, woke, sick and weary, to the dread dawn. The excellent Canon was to say the convent Mass, and Luke was to come straight from the prison, after the execution, to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice for the poor dead soldier. That programme had to be altered. Luke did brace himself for the frightful ordeal; did go to the prison, where a strange thing took place. For the strange grace was given to the poor condemned of a moment's distraction from his awful fate; he saw the horror in Luke's face worse than his own. He noticed his trembling hands, his white, drawn face; and, with the sympathy of his race, he forgot himself in his anxiety for his poor priest. "Bear up, yer Reverence!" he said, as they pinioned his hands; "'twill be all over in a minit; don't let thim Prodestans," he whispered, "say ye broke down." In vain. With horror, shuddering through every limb, he stepped along, the poor, condemned man reciting the Litanies, and, at the same time, trying to console the priest. Stupefied and only semi-conscious, Luke

stood on the scaffold, shuddered at the cool, calculated arrangements for destruction; watched, as in a dream, the stare of the warders, and the doctor, with his watch in his hand, and the cruel machinery. The priest dare not look on the face of the doomed man, which at this supreme moment was tightened, every nerve and muscle tense with agony. Then there was a frightful crash, a stifled moan of human pain, and the swish of the body, as it plunged into the gloom of the pit. Luke felt the rope tightening, as it dragged the shrieking soul from the body; then easily vibrating, as a beast that holds its prey, it swung to and fro within a foot from where he stood. Then, like a drunken man, he staggered from the scaffold and made his way to the corridor. He heard someone say: "Not a hitch!"

The Governor followed hastily to proffer hospitality. That must never be forgotten.

"It passed off well, sir! Quite a painless death! You look pale! Have a glass—"

But Luke had fainted and fallen heavily on the tiled pavement.

XXIII.—The Rhine Falls.

"Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." And Father Meade, successor to Father Tim in the parish of Gortnagoshel, had a dream. And although he had been teaching for forty years that it was sinful to give credit to dreams, fortune-telling, or to attach any importance to omens and accidents, it is regrettable to have to record that Father Meade believed in that dream. He thought he was down by the sea, near Father Martin's, and it was a wild, tempestuous night; dark as Erebus, but for the white flecks in the tumult of waves and the white sheets that floated to his feet. He did not know what brought him there; but as he gazed out on the midnight desolation he heard a cry afar off; and out from the swirl of waters, and conquering the screams of the storm, came clearly and distinctly to his ears the words: Allua! Allua!! Allua!!! Then he thought Luke Delmege rushed down from the cliffs and plunged into the boiling waters, and—Father Meade awoke, and when he had gathered together his scattered senses, he asked

himself angrily: What did I eat? For he prided himself on his constitutional habits, and had arranged with his stomach and the Fates that he would see a century at least. Then he decided it was "corned beef," a dish rather dangerous from its attractiveness.

"I should have taken a second tumbler," he murmured, and dropped to sleep again.

But when morning dawned, and he sat meditatively by his fire, for the frosts had come early this year, his dream recurred to him again and again; and Allua! Allua! rang in his ears and floated across the lines of the psalms in his Breviary. And somehow the syllables were familiar, although memory refused to unlock the secret for a long time. Then, very suddenly, as is the wont of memory, a scene flashed out upon his mind. It was a convent school, there in the heart of the city; and there was an "exhibition." That is, the children were all in their Sunday dresses, and there were great piles of currant-cake on the side tables, and very beautiful singing of grand old Irish melodies, and an address to himself. And then a dear little child stepped to the front and, with inimitable self-possession, commenced to recite Callanan's famous poem:

"There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra."

But she tripped at the next line, for the Easter hymns were in her ears, and she blundered into—

"Where Alleluia of song rushes forth like an arrow."

Now, Father Meade, then a dashing young curate, was enthusiastic; and, in his delight and ecstasy, he made a speech, and the speech contained a promise. It was a rash one, as may be supposed.

"Wherever," he said, "you, my little children, may be scattered in after life—North, South, East, West, America, England, Australia, New Zealand—you must count upon me as your father and your friend, and appeal to me, nay, command me, to come to your assistance should you ever require it."

He often thought of that promise in after life, although he was seldom called upon to redeem it. For somehow, there, in their

humble homes and by lonely firesides, the hearts of the Irish priests are forever stretching out and yearning after their exiled children, and wondering what has become of the lads who served their Masses in the mountain cabins, or held their horses' heads during a sick call; or the little maids, who peeped from their humble snoods, and wondered at the awful might and dignity of the priest, or blushed at the faintest praise in the dingy school. But now, after a lapse of thirty years, "Allua of song" has called to him to keep his promise, and Allua is in trouble and wants him. He was puzzled, and thought of consulting his housekeeper. Then he dreaded her sarcasm. She was always trying to make him practical, to keep him from giving good shoes, "that 'ud bear to be soled agin," to a tramp whose toes were in evidence; or stealing some of her fine, home-cured bacon, that she was reserving for a grand party. Then he tried to shake off that dream and that memory. No use! There it was, and the voice of the dream in his ears. Then he thought of consulting his neighbor, Father Russell. The worst thing a parish priest could do is to consult a curate about anything. He'll tell the world about it and crow over you ever after. Father Meade finally decided to go down and see the scene of the midnight horror, and judge how far it was real and how far imaginary. It was a good, brisk walk; but Father Meade intended to be a centenarian, and that was a long way off as yet. So he took his stand on the shelf of rock, just where he had stood in his dream, and looked out over the mighty waste. All along, over to where a faint dim line of haze marked the eagle beak of Loop Head, the sea stretched in almost provoking calmness. Not a ripple, on this calm September day, fretted the polished surface, save where, right in the centre of the vast estuary, a very faint ruffling marked where the great leap of the mighty river was challenged by the insweeping tide. But there was neither wind nor wave; and yet, as the old priest looked, he found it not difficult to imagine that Allua! Allua! was borne to his ears across the waste of waters. He turned homewards, puzzled and anxious; but as his road ran down by the shrubbery that fringed the outer wall of Father Martin's garden, he thought he might give a call. The result was that a few days later, when Luke had recovered from the shock he had received and was able to open his correspondence, he read:

My dear Father Delmege:—If you should come across, in your travels through London or elsewhere, a little girl (but now, I suppose, a young woman), answering to the name of Allua, tell her I have got her message, and will befriend her, if she is in trouble, as I suspect. Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM MEADE, P.P.

"That's an exact counterpart to the letter addressed: 'My son in America,'" said Luke; and he thought no more of it. Especially as the same mail had brought him a letter from his bishop, very kind and sympathetic, warning him of the seriousness of the step he was meditating, and assuring him of a mission at home if he could only make up his mind to return.

"I think," his Lordship wrote, "as you were educated for your own diocese, you ought to serve in your own diocese. But I shall not recall you against your own wishes."

"Then the ground is not quite cut from under my feet," said Luke; and he wrote promptly to say that he would return for the 1st of October, after a brief trip on the Continent, whither he had been ordered by his physician.

He ran up to the city to explain his intentions. He remained for dinner. He was seated next a mighty traveller—a kind of latter-day Abbé Huc, who was infinitely polite and condescending, asked Luke many questions, and gave him valuable information as to his route to Switzerland. Luke was very happy in thinking that his own amiability promptly secured friends in all directions. There was not a word about Halleck, or the slightest allusion to Canon Drysdale or Aylesbury. His seven years' apprenticeship was unnoticed. Nor was there a syllable of regret that he was no longer to labor and live amongst them.

Two nights after, Luke stood on the platform of the station at the frontier town of Herbesthat. His train was shunted to make way for the great continental express. Luke walked up and down, having given his valise to a porter, and he saw representatives of every nation under heaven. At twelve o'clock the great express rolled in, lighted from stem to stern; and the long corridor that ran from end to end of the train was thronged with passengers, whose very presence indicated that their lines had been cast in pleasant places in this life, and that they were determined to make the most of the opportunity. Luke was half afraid of these

elect of society; for, although he had learned a good deal during his apprenticeship, he was fortunate enough as yet to have retained a little of his idealism. He had not yet reached that dread stage in life where everything is become mean and commonplace under the gray aspects of experience. But he ventured to look at all these grand personages, and one figure and face arrested him. The gentleman was dressed in a gray travelling suit, and had a Scotch plaid shawl rolled round his shoulders; but it is—no—it must be the face of the Abbé Huc. The face was looking down with calm indifference at Luke, with the unmistakable expression: "I know you well; but I don't want to improve the acquaintance." But Luke's Celtic impetuosity refused to accept the hint; and half sure of himself, and yet afraid to commit a stupid blunder, he approached, lifted his hat, and said:

"Pardon, Monsieur: je suis un prêtre Catholique—"

The traveller drew himself up proudly, and said stiffly:

"Et moi, je suis aussi un prêtre Catholique."

Luke was dumbstricken. This was the man by whose side he had sat two nights ago, and who had been as polite and solicitous as if he had known Luke for a lifetime. Luke drew back now, stung with the cold refusal of acquaintanceship; and the train moved on. But the Abbé Huc watched him, watched him to the end. Luke was learning a little of the world, and the knowledge was creating a strange yearning for home.

There was a pretty little episode just as his own train was about to start. Like all good travellers, Luke was determined to guard against imposition, but to be generous. And so when a gorgeous official approached him and said something in German, of which Luke understood but the one word, *commissionaire*, Luke shook his head sadly. But when the porter came up with his valise, Luke was generous and even royal. He handed the porter a coin, which he thought amply rewarded him for his labor. The porter smiled, lifted his hat, bowed, and departed, but returned in a moment furious. He leaped into the carriage, and gesticulated wildly, holding the wretched coin in his hand, and muttering *pfennig! pfennig!* It would be difficult to say by what process of reasoning Luke had persuaded himself that a pfennig was the German equivalent of a franc; but so it was; and this

accounted for his royal gesture. But there was a difference of opinion clearly; and it emphasized itself in sundry gestures and objurgations, the magnificent commissionaire looking on approvingly.

"Un pfennig! oui, oui! c'est un franc!" said Luke.

The porter stamped about the carriage and tore his hair.

"Cela suffit pour vous!" said Luke calmly, and determined not to be swindled.

The German appealed to the stars and angels. These failing, he appealed to the commissionaire. The latter rolled out a string of decasyllables. Luke was convinced it was a conspiracy. He talked wonderful French. They talked wonderful German. At last the train moved out slowly. The porter clung to the carriage-door to the last. Then, breathing a parting malediction, he leaped down, panting and perspiring. Luke leaned back in the carriage, as they plunged into the night, and congratulated himself on his firmness.

And then through all the wonders of Cologne and the Rhine; and up, up, through the Black Mountains of the Hartz, through the thirty-eight tunnels that gaped out of the corkscrew railway, swallowed the train, and disgorged it; up, up, through pine forests and along the crest of hills, in whose bosom nestled the loveliest valleys, each with its church and spire and cemetery, until at last they rested at Bingen. Then a plunge downwards and they were at Schaffhausen, where the mighty legendary river curvets and ricochets in childish humor before assuming the majesty of its seaward course.

Here Luke sojourned for two days—golden days that ever shone pale but resplendent from the mists of memory. That Sunday at the Schweizer-Hof was a dream for a lifetime. He went down to early Mass at the village, heard the beautiful Gregorian for the first time since he left Maynooth; heard, without understanding, the sermon in German that stretched through three-quarters of an hour; breakfasted at 11.30, and lounged through the day under golden sunshine, the great river fretting itself at his feet, and the horizon serrated with the yellow crests of the mighty Alps. In the afternoon he sauntered out for a walk and climbed Hohen Flüh. After the narrow and limited and

choking surroundings of the past seven years, the superb panorama that opened to his eyes from the high summit of the hill fairly took away his breath. "Lord," he said, lifting his hat, "it is good for us to be here." He felt free again. The clear air, the almost boundless horizon, the vast infinity of the mountain barriers, closing the vista, yet opening the imagination to understand sublimities, the long ribbon of the Rhine flowing amidst its vineyards and orchards, the villages clustering under red roofs here and there across the landscape, a hill, crested with a crumbling castle, as if Nature were trying her prentice hand before she attempted her eternal masterpieces, and moving here and there, little groups of peaceful Germans, enjoying the sweet Sabbath air—Luke thought for a moment, as he sat and listened to three German children, singing a Sunday hymn, there amongst the pines, of the squalor and fœtor, the smoke and sin of the mighty mill called England. The noise and the jar and the cold, deadly, soulless mechanism was far away. "Ugh!" said Luke. "Thank God I am done with it and the ugly dream forever." He turned round to descend the declivity and came face to face with Halleck.

Had they been two Celts they would have passed each other with a scowl. One was a Briton, and he said:

"How do you do, Mr. Delmege? This is a rare pleasure."

"How do you do?" said Luke, too surprised to say more.

"I did not know that you had come abroad," continued Halleck. "Let me hope that you intend a long sojourn in this delightful country."

"A long sojourn of twenty-four hours," replied Luke.

"I'm very sorry. I know no place that appeals so strongly to one's sense of freedom. When you plunge into those tunnels of the Alps, you feel choked, as if the air were compressed into a solid mass by the weight of snow and granite. Here you are free, with a boundless horizon and unlimited loveliness."

"Yes," said Luke, carried on by the stream; "I often heard that, to see the Alps to advantage, one must approach them from Italy."

"Quite so," said Halleck. "And you must return? I was hoping for the pleasure of your society and coöperation here. I

am reading in the library at St. Gall's for a work I expect to issue soon from the press, and you could be of much assistance."

"I regret that my assistance heretofore has been to give your thoughts a wrong bias," said Luke, seizing the opportunity.

"Indeed? A wrong bias. Pray, how?"

"I regretted to hear that it was some sermons of mine drove you from the Church."

"But I have not been driven from the Church. That is quite a mistake. Nay, more, I cannot be driven."

"But pardon me for the harsh expression, the Church has repudiated you, and you cannot approach the Sacraments."

"Cannot? Why, I do. I have been to Communion this morning, down there at Neuhausen."

"We regard such conduct as sacrilegious and dishonorable," said Luke, exasperated by Halleck's coolness.

"O! and who cares what you regard? Your opinion is of no consequence to me whatsoever."

"I have not sought this interview, Mr. Halleck," said Luke, "and with your permission I shall terminate it. But you have no right to utter a calumny; and, as a gentleman, you should promptly retract what you wrote to Miss Lefevril concerning my misdirection."

"But if it is true. Your theology may allow it; but I, as an English gentleman, cannot tell a falsehood."

"But your statement that our priests were—well—liberal, and, indeed, rather free in their opinions; and that I especially shared that liberalism, is incorrect and, pardon me—a lie. We hold firmly and unreservedly the dogmatic teachings of the Church."

"Then you must take the alternative—that your knowledge of the English language, which, indeed, like everything English, does not lend itself to the restrictions of dogma, is extremely limited. You don't seem to understand the vast responsibilities of words in solemn places."

"It may be so," said Luke humbly.

They were silent for a few minutes. The three little Swiss girls were still singing beneath them on a rustic seat, under a clump of figs. At last Halleck spoke:

"Let us not part in anger, Mr. Delmege. I am sorry I have

hurt you. But—the faithful Israelites would do well, during their captivity, not to look too curiously on the gods of Babylon."

Halleck raised his hat as he passed down the steep steps to the road.

Had this taken place in London it would have given Luke a fit of depression for several days. Here, in the bright sunshine and crystal atmosphere, he flung the moment's chagrin instantly aside. So, too, in the afternoon, the discovery that a pfennig, instead of being equivalent to a franc, was equivalent to the hundredth part of a franc, sent the blood mounting to Luke's forehead, but only for a moment.

"That porter should have assassinated me," he said, and thought no more of it. Only there was a craving in his heart, growing every minute, for the peace and serenity, the security and happiness of home.

"The crust of bread and the cruse of water are better than the fleshpots of the Egyptians," he thought.

He left the vast dining-hall early that evening. The splendors of society were beginning to pall on him. He craved rest for thought from the glitter and sparkle of fashion; and long before the last dishes were brought around, he had ensconced himself in the gas-lit verandah at the farthest window. Here, with a small round table by his side, and some coffee and rusks, he hid behind a heavy curtain, and awaited the illumination of the falls.

At half-past nine the entire body of visitors had assembled in the verandah, and the lights were lowered until the place had become quite dark. Darkness, too, hung over the valley, and no one could dream that man was there. But a pearly glimmer, as of twilight, shone where the eye was drawn by hearing, as the fall fretted in the shallows, or was torn into streamlets by the granite rocks beneath. Then, as at light's first dawning, a faint pink, roseate in its heart, and fading into purple, streamed across the valley, and the falls blushed under the revelation, and seemed to answer louder to the call of light. And so the pink dawn hovered o'er the valley, until it paused, hesitated, faded, and there was darkness again, but for the voice that pierced it—the voice of many waters in the night.

Luke turned around, and saw standing quite close to his chair,

—for every seat was occupied,—a feeble old man and his daughter. He leaned heavily on her arm, and his white hair made a light in the darkened room. Instantly Luke arose and proffered his chair. The young lady thanked him, as the old man sank wearily into the armchair. She took her place near him, and Luke went back into the shadows and sat on a rough bench that ran around the wall. The falls were lighted again with green and then with blue lights, and the waiters came and raised the gas-jets. Man's little play with mighty nature was over.

As Luke rose to pass from the verandah, a voice said to him:

"I didn't know in the darkness that it was Father Delmege we had to thank for his courtesy."

It was Barbara Wilson. Luke flushed with pleasure. After all his neglect, it was comforting to know that he had unconsciously done a small favor. And then through her lips his country and home spoke to him.

"Miss Wilson!" he said. "It is an unexpected pleasure to meet you. I didn't know you were travelling with your father."

"It is not father," she said, her lips trembling; "it is Louis. You will scarce recognize him."

She led him over to where Louis was still sitting. His face was turned outward towards the night, and it was the face of death. His sad eyes saw but darkness, and his trembling hands clutched at the air, as the hands of a half-perished outcast spread for warmth before a fire. And his hair streamed down on his shoulders, and it was white in the dreary gas-light, not with the venerable silver of honored age, but with the ghastly lustre of blanched and bloodless youth. He turned at his sister's voice and tried to rise, but fell back helplessly.

"Yes, of course, Father Delmege," he said, not looking upwards, but out into the night, and his weak memory trying to grip the slippery and evanescent shadows of the past. "Yes, of course, Father—I beg pardon—how do you do, sir? I hope you are well."

"Don't you remember, Louis dearest, don't you remember Lisnalee and uncle, and all our pleasant days? This is Father Delmege, who is always so kind."

"To be sure, to be sure. How do you do, sir? I hope I see you very well," said the poor invalid.

"Now, Louis dear, do rouse yourself. To-morrow we shall go on to Lucerne, and you must pick up strength for the journey. Were not the illuminations beautiful? It was Father Delmege who kindly gave us his place."

"To be sure, to be sure. How much do I owe you, sir? I always pay promptly. But, Barbara, why did you let them throw that horrid limelight on the stage? No artist would have done it. If Elfrida was to throw herself from that bridge it would be in the darkness. I saw her; 'twas well done, I tell you. Madame Lerida *is* an artist. Did you hear that scream? Oh! Oh!"

Barbara raised her head and looked pitifully at Luke.

"There," said Louis, still wandering, "there she goes adown the stream, her long hair floating behind her, and she tossed from side to side of the rapids. Hark! there 'tis again! Elfrida! Elfrida!"

This he shrieked aloud, so that the waiters paused as they arranged the breakfast tables, and one or two timid visitors hurriedly fled the verandah.

"This won't do," said Luke kindly; "we must get him away."

"Come, dearest," said Barbara, her hand around Louis' neck. "Come, 'tis bedtime."

He rose wearily, seemingly anxious to follow his dream through the night and adown the river.

"It was a clever impersonation," he continued. "That leap from the bridge was perfect. But to throw that vile calcium on such an *artiste* at such a moment was an outrage, sir, an outrage!"

"This is Father Delmege, Louis, dear," said Barbara, as Luke helped the poor invalid forward. "You remember, don't you?"

"Of course, of course. How do you do, sir? I hope I see you well."

Luke helped along the corridor, and then stood still, at the foot of the staircase, watching the two figures, the white-haired imbecile, and the tall, lithe form of the fair sister, toiling wearily step by step up to the second corridor. Then he went out into the piazza. The full moon was now rising, and just casting her beams down the valley and across the chasm to the old castle that held watch and ward over the turbulent youth of the river. How paltry and mean are the feeble attempts of men, contrasted

with the enterprises of the Almighty! The wretched illumination of an hour ago—what a sacrilege on the majesty of nature, now that nature itself was triumphant! Luke gazed down the valley; but he saw—the two weary figures toiling up the long stairs—strong, tender womanhood supporting a broken and disjointed manhood. He saw a sister's love covering a brother's shame. He saw the old Greek sacrifice again—the sister imperilling her life and honor to pay due, solemn rites to the dead. How paltry his learned and æsthetic friends seem now! How contemptible their dreary platitudes! How empty and hollow their fine theorizing about humanity and the race! "Seek the God in man!" Was there ever such blasphemy? And himself—what had been his life for seven years? Compared with the noble self-surrender of this young girl, how hollow and empty and pitiful had been his fine sermons, his dignified platitudes, his straining after effect, his misdirection. Conscience for the first time whispered "Idiota," but too faintly to be heeded.

A hand was laid on his arm, and Halleck, removing a cigar from his mouth, said:

"I would recommend you, Mr. Delmege, to get that young friend of yours home as soon as possible. It will be hardly pleasant for her to travel with a coffin."

He went to his room—a very beautiful room, with its parquetted floor, polished and spotless—but he could not sleep. He did not desire it. He coveted a few hours of the luxury of thought. He had so much to think about, and so many thoughts and memories fraught with the pain of pleasure and so many with the delight of pain. He opened his window, through which the full moon was streaming, and stood on the balcony that overhung the garden. The night view was limited, for the garden sloped upwards to a little wood, where, laced against the moonlight, the iron work of a summer-house was traced. He leaned over the balustrade and gave himself up to thought. It was a turning-point in his life. Just then the deep tones of the church-bell tolling the midnight hour floated up the valley, and Luke thought he heard voices in the garden beneath.

"Here come Lorenzo and Jessica," he said. "'How sweet the moonlight,' etc. I must go."

Ah, no! Not moonlight lovers, with all the glamor of affection and the poetry of life streaming around them, but the wrecked life and the guardian angel again. Slowly they came from the shadows into the moonlight and Luke was not ashamed to observe them. The poor gray head lay heavily against the sister's shoulder, or rather on her breast, as she twined her arm around his neck and supported his failing steps. Clearly there was no sleep for that fretted and irritated brain, or such sleep only as makes the awakening heaven. Slowly they passed under the balcony, and here Luke heard the prayers that Barbara whispered in her brother's ears—whispered, because her gentle spirit feared for the sleepers overhead. But Luke could hear the rattle of the beads as they slipped through her fingers, and could see the flashing of the silver cross in the moonlight. On, on they went slowly, as the gravel groaned beneath the heavy steps of the invalid. And as they passed, Luke saw the beautiful uplifted face and the rich, black hair caught back from the pure white forehead. And as he closed the window of his bedroom softly and brushed his eyes, he said:

"She is not mortal. She is a spirit and a symbol. It is my country's heroism and sorrow."

Next morning, without a moment's hesitation, he came over to the table where Barbara and Louis sat and said:

"Miss Wilson, *we* must return immediately. I am *en route* for Ireland and you and Louis must come."

She gave a little glad cry of surprise and said:

"Oh, thank God! We have got our orders. The landlord has demanded our rooms."

"Very good. Now, get ready."

"But, Father, we must not take you out of your way."

"Never mind," said Luke. "Our whole study now must be to get Louis back to London."

"And Ireland. Oh, how happy we shall be with dear uncle! You know he has asked us to come to him until Louis is quite restored."

"I am glad to hear it. Yes, your uncle is a good man. Cheer up, there are glad days in store for us all."

And so Luke Delmege, the optimist, argued, encouraged,

cheered the lonely girl on that weary journey to Lucerne, Geneva, Paris, London, and set them down at No. 11 Albemarle Buildings, and felt that he had never been happier under the sublime elation of a little self-sacrifice.

It was late at night when he arrived from Switzerland, and, after he had left Barbara and her brother at their lodgings, he made his way across the city and the bridge to the cathedral. He was thinking of many things—Halleck, Dr. Drysdale, Barbara, Louis, Seathorpe, Lisnalee, England, Ireland, the past, and his future. He had cut through the city by a short passage through the slums, but he had no fear. He knew the places well. The wretched pavements were silent of the noise of human traffic, for midnight had not come. He had just emerged into a square well known to him, for it had been in his district formerly, when he saw a crowd gathering around a cab a little ahead of him, and the portly English driver gesticulating violently. As he passed he heard the latter saying, in a tone of anger and impatience, to the crowd:

"A rum hold Hirish passon. Wants to get down 'ere somewhere; but I'm blessed if the hold bloke knows where. But I'll make 'im pay; I will, I tell you."

Compassion for a countryman in distress, even though he were a heretic, made Luke pause and approach. As he did, he heard a deep voice from the dark recess:

"Did the Lord ever make such a stupid lot as these English? They don't know their own country. Come here, honest woman, and direct me. Glory be to God, and isn't that Luke Delmege? Luke! Luke! come here! There's me dream out!"

Luke came nearer, and recognized, with an effort, the Rev. Father Meade, incumbent of Gortnagoshel.

"What in the world?"—he was about to say, when Father Meade interrupted.

"You got my letter? Of course, you did. I knew ye'd be looking out for me. But, I couldn't rest easy, night or day, till I come. But, Lord, what a pack of savages! They don't know their own names. Tell that ruffian on the box to drive us to Denham Court."

"You're in Denham Court, Father Meade," said Luke, "but what wild-goose chase are you on now?"

"Wild-goose chase? Faith, it isn't, me boy! Now, find out No. 25 S—whatever S is!"

"I see," said Luke; "drive 25 South, my good man, just over there."

"Now, so far, so good. Allua is here," the old priest whispered to Luke, "and I'm come for her."

He showed Luke a wretched slip of paper, in a still more wretched envelope, sealed with soap, stampless, inkstained, and yellow; and surely enough—"Denham Court, 25 S., London, S. W." was marked there.

"What next?" thought Luke. But he said:

"You may not know, Father Meade, the character of this place and its neighborhood. This is a place where a person must be careful—"

"I neither know nor care," said the old priest; "all I know is that Allua is here, that she is in trouble, and has called for me; and here I am. Stay here, my good man," he said to the driver. "If you stir from that spot, I'll take the law of you."

"All right, sir," said the driver; "but you'll have to pay for it."

"Come, Luke," said Father Meade, cavalierly, as he walked coolly into the wretched hall and up the broken stairs. "Ah, if I had that bosthoon in Ireland!"

On the first landing he knocked at four doors in succession. There was some shuffling and pulling of chairs, but no answer. Up the creaking stairs again, and again he knocked, and no reply.

"They're all asleep, or dead," he said.

Higher still and higher, till they came to an attic. Here was the sound of voices. They entered a wretched room. A feeble light was burning in a tin sconce. And by the faint illumination they saw a wretched pallet, on which lay an invalid in the last stages of consumption. She was gray and old, but her eyes were young as they challenged the priest.

"You got my letter," she said faintly in an English accent.

Father Meade hesitated. No one but the Father who is in heaven could recognize in that poor wreck the child—the convent child of so many years ago. And the accent entirely bothered Father Meade.

"Are you Allua?" he said doubtingly.

"I am," she said faintly. "You're changed too, Father; but the Blessed Mother sent you. Take me from this."

Father Meade hesitated. He always boasted that he was "a man of the world;" and whenever, at a visitation dinner, he had to propose his bishop's health, he always wound up the litany of praises by declaring that his Lordship was, above all things else, "a man of the world." So he was not going to be taken in by a girl with an English accent.

"I came for you," he said, "but I want to make sure. Say the lines again."

The poor patient smiled at the absurdity. But she gathered her strength and repeated:

> "There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
> Where Allua of song rushes forth like an arrow."

"Good," said Father Meade. "And you said?" He cocked his ear.

"I said—'Alleluia of song,' because the priests were saying Alleluia all that week."

"Good," said Father Meade. "And I said?"

"You said—'My little children, wherever you are, north, south, east, west, remember I am always your father and your friend; and whenever you are in trouble call on me and I'll come to you."

"Never say another word," cried Father Meade. "Come here, you whipsters, dress her at once, and be quick about it," he cried to the two girls, who sank back from the awful presence of the priests.

The two priests went downstairs, Luke bewildered, Father Meade exultant.

"No use in talking," he said, "God beats us all. Just when we think we are doing something of ourselves, He steps in and shows His hand."

"Where are you going to take that poor girl?" said the practical Luke.

"Oh, I never thought of that," said Father Meade. "I'll take her to some hotel, and off to Limerick in the morning. Of course, she thinks I don't know anything; but I know all." And he winked at Luke.

In a few minutes the two girls came downstairs, bearing the invalid between them. The hope and its realization had braced her up, and she looked almost vigorous as she stepped from the dreadful place.

"You ain't agoin' to take that there gal in the cab?" said the driver.

"Aren't I? Mind yer own business, me man, or I'll make you."

"Then you'll pay for it, I tell you," said the man in his bewilderment.

Gently and reverently they got the poor girl into the cab, Luke standing by motionless. He was wondering what Amiel Lefevril would say to such divine altruism as this. The two girls stood at the door. They had said good-by to their companion. Sorrow, hopelessness, despair were on their faces. And just as the driver flicked his horse, and they were moving off, they flung out their hands in a sudden gesture and sobbed:

"Father, Father, don't leave us!"

"Eh? Eh? What's that? What's that? Stop, you ruffian, or I'll knock you down. Come here, me poor girls. What do ye want?"

"We want to go with you, Father, anywhere, anywhere. Oh! for God's sake, Father, don't leave us!"

What could he do? It was most imprudent; but he had too much faith in God to hesitate.

"Come!" he said, whilst the cabman growled furiously, and Luke gazed in stupid amazement. "Come, and let God do the rest!"

Luke called to see the Wilsons next morning. He found Louis actually revived. There had been a reaction after the journey. Luke told them, with laughter and horror, of the Quixotic drollery of Father Meade.

"He's taking them to Limerick," he said, "to the Magdalen Asylum there. I have a sister in that convent, you know, Miss Wilson. Some day I hope to have the pleasure of making you acquainted with her. We shall call some day when we shall have leisure."

He was surprised to see her start and put her hand over her

heart with a gesture of pain. The very suggestion of fallen womanhood was such a shock and surprise to such a pure soul. Magdalen! Magdalen! the dearest of all the saints outside the charmed circle of the Incarnation—how does it happen that there is a sting of pain in all the honeyed sweetness of that dear name?

"She must have been told of Margery's unkind remarks," thought Luke.

"Now it is all settled," he said. "I shall be at Euston to meet the 8.30 down mail on this day week. And you shall both meet me there. Is that all settled?"

Of course. Quite understood. Everything now was moving smoothly.

XXIV.—The Hall of Elbis.

Father Sheldon was sorry, downright sorry, for his friend and confrère, Luke Delmege. As a good Briton, he was bound not to manifest this regret in any way. But he had pleaded with the bishop, again and again, not to allow this bright young genius to leave the diocese, and be flung away on the tame and easy work of an Irish mission. The old Vicar warmly seconded his efforts, although neither knew of the other's sympathetic coöperation. But the bishop judged otherwise; and if he ever mistrusted his own judgment, the opinion of Dr. Drysdale tended to confirm his belief that the conversion of England must be accomplished without the assistance of the Rev. Luke Delmege.

"I don't agree with Drysdale," said the Vicar, when the bishop had explained the many letters of the former. "He belongs to the old school—timid, fearsome, conservative. We want the young, who despise consequences, so long as the great object is attained."

No use. It was decided to let Luke go, and Father Sheldon was very sad. It was one of the reasons why he leaned his head heavily on his hands, one of these dark September evenings, just after Luke had returned from his trip. He didn't care to light the gas. He sat in the twilight and was sad. The hour was wearing on to supper-time, when one of the housemaids knocked, and told him a lady wished to see him.

He rose promptly, and went down to find Barbara Wilson waiting for him. The gas-jet was burning; and he saw that she was crying and in terror.

"Father," she said, "I'm in great trouble. Louis is gone!"

"Dead?" said Father Sheldon, slightly shocked.

"No, not dead; but he has escaped; gone I know not where. I left him for a moment this evening to see an old school friend, who had called; and he has vanished, and Oh! Father, I fear such dreadful things."

"Have you no trace? He was of remarkable appearance."

"Not the least. I have spoken to all the police on the beat; but there's not a trace. Oh, dear! it is the river, the river, I dread."

The supper gong was ringing, but Father Sheldon did not hear it.

"I must go with you," he said. He rushed into the church and said a hasty prayer; then, taking his hat and cane, he went out on the wild chase. Whither? North, south, east, west, the wilderness of streets stretched before him; and, as he hesitated, the wild tumult of the sweeping multitude almost took him off his feet.

"Nothing but God can guide us!" he said. "Let us move on and pray. Have you the least suspicion?"

"Only that he might have gone to a theatre, or Mrs. Wenham's, or an opium-den. Oh! dear, dear, and his soul was just saved!"

"It is not lost," said Father Sheldon, hurrying along; "and you alone can save it yet."

They took a cab, down to the Criterion, the Alhambra, the Gaiety, places that Louis used frequent in his heyday. In all these the people were pouring in in a deep, wide stream. The police on guard saw no one answering their description of Louis. The officials were too busy to give more than a laconic No! Back again throughout the crowded streets on their hopeless quest for soul and body, Barbara weeping and softly praying, her companion staring under gas-lamps to catch a glimpse of a skull and a mass of whitened hair. Was there ever such a hopeless effort, ever such a weary and despairful attempt? Up and down, up and down the dreadful streets of the City of Dreadful Night.

"I fear it is hopeless," said Father Sheldon. "Miss Wilson, let me see you home, and I shall place the matter in the hands of a detective."

No, no. That will not do for a sister's love for a brother's soul. She gratefully thanked the good priest, but insisted that he should now return. The night quest and the night sorrow should be her own.

"One more attempt," he said; "and then I shall leave you to God. What is the name and address of that—woman?"

Back again through the dreary streets, in and out, until they plunged into the quietness and solitude of a fashionable square, drove past massive railings and marble flights of steps, now in the glare from some lighted drawing-room, now in the gloom of the shadow of an unoccupied mansion. Yes, here it is, brilliantly illuminated; and Barbara, seeking a lost soul, stands under the heavy gasolier in the vast hall. Servants in scarlet livery swept by her, stared at her, passed away. Doors opened and shut, and revealed the magnificence of splendidly decorated rooms. There was a buzz of conversation somewhere in the vicinity. And the pale, beautiful girl stood like a statue in the hall—stood and despaired. What could a stooped, and shattered, and broken invalid be doing in a place like this? She was asked into a small parlor behind the drawing-room, and in a few moments Mrs. Wenham entered, stared angrily, advanced, and said, in a tone of icy contempt:

"Well?"

She was dressed for a ball, dressed with all the luxury and taste and even splendor society demands from her elect. She was quite as tall as Barbara, and wished she was quite as beautiful. But no! There was a grace and sweetness in this young girl that threw all the meretricious splendors of the other woman in the shade. And the woman of the world saw it, and it did not please her.

"You remember me, Mrs. Wenham," said Barbara, faltering. "We met in Dublin some years ago, and you were so kind."

The cold face stared blankly at her. Barbara felt there is no hope here.

"I understood that my brother Louis used sometimes—sometimes—"

How could she put, poor child, in the world's language her wild thoughts?

"Your brother, Louis, used—sometimes—?" repeated Mrs. Wenham.

"Sometimes," wept Barbara, "used visit here, owing to your great kindness. And he's lost—he's lost—Oh! dear Mrs. Wenham, he's lost! He has gone out to-night, and we know not whither. But Oh! if you could tell me—he's so unwell, so near death; and Oh! his soul, his soul! He's not fit for the judgment."

The woman of the world turned pale. She had intended to dismiss this girl haughtily, angrily, contemptuously. But these words staggered her resolution. Once before, and only once, and that was just after leaving the company of this same young girl, she had heard similar words. Not since or before. These hideous things were shielded from her as carefully as midnight draughts, or reeking drains, or the chance pollution of fetid air. What had she to do with such things—this spoiled and petted child? They were for the poor and the vulgar—the housemaid and the butler—not for her. They were for the proletariat—the toilers, the laborers, as a just retribution for their misdeeds, and a proper perquisite for criminal poverty; but not for the scented and curled darlings of fortune. And here this young girl, with the clear-cut, pallid face, the round, calm forehead, and the gracious eyes, presumes to introduce the horrid spectres. She dismissed her.

"I know nothing of your brother, my good girl, and I must bid you good-night!"

And she touched the bell. Barbara vanished in the darkness, but the spectres remained. And, as the stately lady swept around the ball-room, that most detestable orchestra, particularly that deep, solemn 'cello, would keep wailing, Death! Judgment! Death! Judgment! It was a new waltz, just imported from the halls of eternity.

"No use, Father, no use! I must seek Louis alone now."

"I shall not leave you here on the London streets," said Father Sheldon, decisively.

But she persisted. The cab rolled away, and left Barbara stand-

ing transfixed on the pavement. She looked around the dreary square—all the more dreary because so brilliantly illuminated. All the splendor, and comfort, and light and beauty chilled her by the contrast. Then she looked up to the stars, and:

"Whither now, O my God?"

It was horrible. It was a night-walk through Hell. Black figures leaped out of the darkness, stared at her, muttered some cabalistic words, and vanished. Rude men whistled into her face, and said some things that would be dreadful, but they were happily unintelligible. Once and again a policeman flashed a lantern in her face, and muttered something. And on, on she stumbled, for she was now growing weak, and she had to lean against a gas-lamp for help from time to time. Then on again, on through the darkness, into the circle of light thrown by a side-lamp, and into the darkness again. A few times she stopped to accost a stranger, and ask did he see Louis; but she was rudely answered with an oath, and thenceforward desisted from asking questions. And on, on, with a vague hope that Louis was somewhere near, and that she would find him. But nature was steadily conquering, and, at last, she had to sit on the curbstone and rest. She was falling into a fitful slumber when her name was called from out the night. She listened and looked. She heard a mighty river fretting its way into the darkness beneath her, and on the lap of the river a dark form was tossed. It flung out its hands helplessly into the turbid waters, and a great nimbus of white hair floated back upon the wave. Once more she heard her name called from out the night, and she woke, chill and stiff. She stood up and stumbled forward. Her hands sought help. She clutched the iron bars that ran around some large building, and groped her way onward from bar to bar. They led her to a gate. It was open. And high against the star-lit sky, the peaked gables of a church cut upwards. She stumbled against a door and pushed it. It opened inwards, and she was in the church. A faint smell of incense half revived her. She groped along from bench to bench, until she stood beneath the red lamp. Then she sat down and rested. Oh! but not the rest that she had known for so many years in that unspeakable Presence; not the calm, sweet languor that steeped her innocent soul in such a bliss of

peace there in the old church in the far city, after a day amongst the leprous and the poor. No; this was a mighty crisis in her life; and the voice was pealing from out the night. She rose up and went to the Lady Altar, and prayed for her brother's soul as she had never prayed before. And as she prayed, a light struck her—an idea so terrible, so appalling, that she shrank from the dread inspiration. She was called upon by the Unseen to make a sacrifice for the beloved soul. And such a sacrifice, great God! It was too dreadful. She shrank from it in terror. But the voice was calling from out the night. A soul, the soul of the beloved, was at stake! Again she prayed. And again the Unseen spoke. And again the poor soul protested. Anything else, anything else, but *that!* But the voice was calling importunately from the night. There was no time for hesitation. She rose up and dressed for the sacrifice; then stood before the High Altar and its Tabernacle. Once, twice, she tried to speak her vow, and failed. Once, twice, weak nature protested against a divine inspiration and decree. But now every moment was precious. And on a sudden impulse of divine self-surrender, she flung out her arms, like the limbs of a cross, and uttered the mighty words that spoke her doom and the redemption of her brother. The mighty Thrones, that swung round and round the altar, stopped in their adoring flight, poised themselves on their wings, stared at each other, stared at the silent Tabernacle, and looked down on the white, tearless face of the victim. But no sound broke the stillness of the sanctuary. Yet the Heart of Christ throbbed quicker beneath the accidents of His great Sacrament—throbbed quicker as at the grave of Lazarus, and at the voice of Magdalen, for surely no such tremendous sacrificial vow had ever passed human lips before.

Then a new, strange strength possessed her. She drew on her gloves calmly, and without a tremor calmly picked up her beads and umbrella, calmly genuflected, with just a whisper of silent protest against the dread exorbitance of God, and passed into the night again. She stumbled against some person in the darkness and begged pardon humbly.

"Yerra, ye needn't," said an unmistakable Hibernian voice, "ye didn't hurt me much."

"Thanks be to God!" said Barbara; "surely you are an Irishman."

"I ought to be, for me father and mother afore me were," said the voice. "But, begor, I'm beginning to think that I'm a *mixtum-gatherum* of all the quare people in the world; and that's a big worrd."

"'Twas God and the Blessed Virgin sent you," said Barbara, realizing that this was the agent of the Most High in the fulfilment of His part.

"'Tis many a long day since I hard the worrd," said the policeman, taking off his helmet. "What may be yer throuble?"

Simply and directly Barbara told her story, there in the darkness outside the church.

It was so wonderful, so incredible, that his suspicions became aroused. He had very large ambitions in the detective line, and it would never do to be caught so easily.

"Come over here to the lamplight," he said, gently but firmly holding her by the arm. "Now, young 'uman, do you see a feather bed in me oi?" he said, lifting up his eyelids in a comical way.

But something in the gentle face smote him with sorrow, and, dropping Barbara's arm hastily, he doffed his helmet, and said humbly:

"I beg yer pardon, Miss, a thousand times. I didn't know ye were a lady."

"Never mind," said Barbara. "But come, help me. There is no time to lose. God has sent you."

He drew his whistle, and at the shrill summons another constable instantly appeared. He whispered a few words to his comrade, and then, turning to Barbara, said:

"Come!"

He led her from the main thoroughfare down a side street that led to the river, for a cold draught of wind swept up the street, and cooled gratefully the burning forehead of Barbara. Then another turn, and they passed into a police office. The inspector sat mutely at a desk, poring over a pile of papers. One gas-jet, shaded by an opal globe, flickered over his head. He looked at the constable and said nothing. The latter told his

story as circumstantially as he could, and wound up in a whisper, so that Barbara could not hear:

"Begor, 'tis like hunting for a needle in a bundle of sthraw."

"Broderick, you're a fool," said the inspector to his fellow-countryman, for he, too, was of that desperately lawless race, who are the guardians of the law in all the cities of the world. "Go into the kitchen and get the lady some tea, and be quick about it."

When Barbara came out from the day-room, refreshed and strengthened, for now she felt sure that God was doing His part faithfully, although He had demanded such a fearful price from her, the inspector was standing, gloved and hatted, and a cab was at the door. He lifted Barbara in gently and followed.

"Where are we going?" asked Barbara.

"To the third of the three places your brother haunted," said the officer. "Did you tell that fool it was an opium-den?"

"Yes, indeed," said Barbara, wondering that she had not thought of the place before.

"And Albemarle Buildings, Victoria Street, was your brother's address?"

"Yes, yes," said Barbara, eagerly.

"Then he's not far from Albemarle Buildings," said the officer. He said no more. Barbara took out her beads, and prayed softly to herself.

They sped swiftly to the Victoria-Road Station, passed down some narrow streets, and stopped. The officer alighted, and went into a large building, from which he presently emerged with another officer. They were consulting together. Barbara watched them eagerly. Then there was a hasty order to the driver, and the cab sped forward again. Then, after one or two sharp turns, they stopped before a long, low shed.

"Your brother is probably here," said the inspector; "but how shall I know him?"

"I shall go with you," said Barbara.

"No, no; this is no place for a lady," said the officer. "Let me know his appearance, and some distinguishing signs, and if he is there I shall certainly find him."

But fearing some violence from one cause or another to her

beloved one, Barbara insisted. The officer offered his arm to the door, a small, low, shabby door, that seemed to open nowhere. He pushed it, and it yielded. They groped through the darkness to a heavy curtain, that screened the light, and pushed it aside. They were in the Hall of Elbis. Readers of Beckford's wonderful vision will remember the ghastly sight that met the eyes of Vathek and Nouronihar, when their curiosity was gratified, and they entered the fortress of Aherman and the halls of Argenk. Even such was the dread spectacle that smote on the senses of Barbara and the officer in this abode of the living-dead. A heavy cloud, charged with the dread vapors of opium, hung thick and opaque on the ceiling; and its folds, too heavy for the atmosphere, curled down and curtained the floor. Bleared lamps shone through it, and lighted its thick volumes, and scarcely threw a dim shadow on the floor, where, piled against the walls, and stretched in every hateful and abominable posture on filthy mattresses, lay the stupefied victims of the deadly drug. Some lay like dead logs; some had sense enough left to lift their weary eyes and stare, like senseless images, on the intruders. Some were yet in the beginning of the dread trance and were smoking leisurely. It was a mass, a squirming yet senseless mass of degraded humanity, and Barbara clung close to the officer, as they passed down the hall, sometimes stepping over a prostrate form, and the eyes of the devoted girl almost starting in fear and curiosity and the dread hope that here at last her quest was ended.

They had come to the end of the hall and had turned back to examine the dreamers on the other side, when a figure, almost buried under the superincumbent forms of others, turned lazily and helplessly and muttered something. Barbara stopped, clutched the arm of the officer, and pointed. The inspector pulled aside one or two helpless figures; and there, curled up in a state of abject impotence, was Louis Wilson. Barbara was on her knees in a moment beside her brother, fondling him, caressing him, with one dread fear and hope—would he live?

"This is he," she said. "Now for the last mercy. How shall we get him hence?"

They raised the senseless form between them, and, by a

mighty struggle, drew it down the floor and to the curtain. Here a figure stopped them.

"Hallo, I say, what's this?"

But the officer flung the fellow aside; then followed him, and, after a few words, the fellow came over and relieved Barbara of her burden. They huddled the senseless figure into the cab, and sped homewards.

In the gray dawn of the morning, two anxious figures stood by Louis Wilson's bed, watching, watching, for a sign of returning consciousness. The doctor had administered some powerful restorative, which, if it took effect, would bring back the vacant mind once more to partial self-knowledge. But the heart was hopelessly diseased, and there was no chance of recovery. Barbara was quite easy in her mind. She knew that the Eternal should keep His contract. Not so Father Sheldon. He knew nothing of the tremendous interchange that had taken place that night between the young girl and her God. He only saw with human eyes, and judged by human reason. But he was a priest, and this was a soul in peril. And so he knelt and prayed, sat and walked, always watching, watching, for the one faint ray of light that would herald the return of reason in that helpless form. He had done all that the Church allowed to be done under such awful circumstances; but, partly for the sake of that immortal soul, partly for the consolation it would impart to this devoted girl, he prayed and wished that, at least, one act of sorrow or charity might be breathed by the conscious intelligence before it was summoned to final judgment. The dawn grew to day; sounds of renewed traffic, suspended only for a couple of hours, began to echo in the streets again; now and again a street-call was heard, as boys rushed here and there with morning merchandise; a company of soldiers swept by to catch a morning train. Barbara had left the room for a moment, when the patient woke —woke, feebly and faintly, and stared at the window and at the face bending over him.

"Barbara!" he moaned in pain.

"Barbara is here," said Father Sheldon, "and will be delighted to see you so revived."

"Why are you here?" Louis asked.

"Because you are in danger, and I am a priest."

"Oh! I remember. I had a dream. I thought I was away in Switzerland or somewhere; and there was a stage, and illuminations, and a tragedy. And we came home, and you were so kind."

"Tell me, Dr. Wilson," said Father Sheldon, "have you any objections to make your peace with God and to receive the Sacraments of the Church?"

"Not the slightest. But Barbara must be here. I should like to make my confession to Barbara. I could tell her everything."

That wasn't to be, however. He did the next best thing. He confessed and was absolved. And when Barbara returned, and saw the candles lighting, and the purple stole around the priest's neck, and the light of reason dawning in eyes that had, heretofore, stared into abysses of ghastly phantoms, she flung herself on her knees in mute thanksgiving to God for the mighty grace. And then her woman's heart sank sadly as she thought: Yes, clearly He demands the sacrifice, as He has clearly wrought His miracle of love. Yea, Lord, be it so! Who am I to contravene the purpose of the Most High?

And so the Rev. Luke Delmege was grievously disappointed on arriving, with all his heavy luggage of books, etc., at Euston Station, and quite punctually, to meet the 8.30 down mail, when he found himself alone. He paced the platform impatiently and looked eagerly at every one that alighted from cab or hansom. The last bell rang. He had to take his place alone. For, alas! one of his expected fellow-travelers was sleeping peacefully in Highgate Cemetery, and the other he was to meet only after many years.

"There's no use," said Luke, "in trying to teach our countrymen anything. Even the best fail hopelessly to appreciate the necessity of punctuality."

[Conclusion of First Part.]

ST. AUGUSTINE AND THE EUCHARISTIC SACRIFICE.

IN the roll of those who rank as Fathers of the Church there is no name more illustrious than that of St. Augustine. In loftiness of genius, subtlety and grasp of intellect, in range and accuracy of theological knowledge, it is not too much to say that he is without a peer. The greatest witness for the faith in his own day, and its stoutest defender, he still holds a place of pre-eminence among the men who have enlightened the whole Church by their learning. In every age since his own, he has been looked up to as an authority; so much so that in the religious revolt of four centuries ago, even the men who turned so completely away from the whole teaching and spirit of this great Catholic Doctor, would still fain claim him for their own, and shelter themselves beneath the ægis of his mighty name.

St. Augustine is thus singularly competent to tell us what the belief of the early Church was respecting the Eucharistic Sacrifice. Did the early Christians believe the Mass to be identically the same sacrifice with that of the Cross? Or, to put the question in a form better suited to the purpose of our inquiry, did they believe the sacrificial idea in the Mass, the formal reason why the Mass is a sacrifice, to be one and the same with the sacrificial idea in the bloody oblation of Calvary? I propose to seek an answer to this question in the pages of St. Augustine.

There are, in the voluminous works of the Bishop of Hippo, references almost without number to the Eucharistic Sacrifice. Nowhere, however, does the Saint set himself to determine the formal reason why the Mass is a sacrifice. Nor does he, so far at least as I have been able to see, define anywhere in precise words what a sacrifice is. In his *De Civit. Dei*,[1] he describes sacrifice as being "any work performed with a view of uniting us to God in holy fellowship;"[2] but it is obvious that he does not in these words define sacrifice in the strict sense. That he looks upon immolation as an essential element of sacrifice in the strict sense, at least when there is question of sacrificing to God that which has life

[1] *De Civit. Dei*, l. 10, c. 6.

[2] In all but two or three of these passages, the translation, such as it is, is made direct from the text of St. Augustine, published in Migne's Patrology, Paris, 1845. The references at the foot of the page are to that edition of the saint's works.

in it, is plain from a passage in his homily on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul.[3] "To be immolated," he there observes, "is to die for God. The word is borrowed from the ritual of sacrifice. Whatsoever is sacrificed is slain unto God." Elsewhere[4] he speaks of the sacrifice of the New Law as an "immolation," and in his epistle to Boniface[5] writes: "Christ was immolated but once in Himself, and yet in the sacrament (or mystic rite) He is immolated, not only on every Paschal solemnity, but every day, for the people; nor would it be in any sense untrue, if one were asked whether He is immolated, to reply that He is." Here, then, we have the twofold immolation of the Victim, the real and the mystic, the bloody and the unbloody. Is it this latter that, in the eyes of St. Augustine, makes the Mass to be the distinctive sacrifice of the New Law, which he so often refers to as "sacrificium Christianorum," or "sacrificium Novi Testamenti?" It needs no deep study of his works to satisfy one's self that it is not; that it is, on the contrary, the real immolation of Christ upon the Cross which is, for St. Augustine, the *ratio formalis sacrificii Christianorum.* He does not say so expressly, it is true, but he clearly, and, I think, necessarily implies it (1) in passages where he uses a language in speaking of the Mass which, at first sight, would seem to imply, and has in fact been quoted by Protestant writers as implying, that it is not in itself a sacrifice, but a commemoration of the sacrifice offered up on Calvary; (2) in passages where he speaks of the Mass as being not merely a sacrifice, but the one and only sacrifice of the New Law; (3) in passages where he refers to the Mass as identically the same sacrifice with that of the Cross; (4) in passages where he insists upon the absolute oneness of the sacrifice of the New Testament. I shall examine these four sets of passages in the order named.

In the passage, already cited, of his epistle to Boniface, the Saint says that we speak of Christ as being daily immolated on the altar in the same sense that we speak of His Resurrection from the dead year after year, as being, that is, a memorial or commemoration of what once took place. And in *Contra Faustum*

[3] Tom. v, Sermo ccxcix, n. 3, p. 1368.

[4] *De Trinitate*, l. 4, c. 14.

[5] Tom. 2, ep. 98, n. 9, p. 364.

Manichaeum he says that the mystic rites of the Old Law foreshadowed, in many and divers ways, "the one Sacrifice of which we celebrate the commemoration."[6] Later in the same work, he repeats this, saying that "Christians now celebrate the memory of that same completed sacrifice by the most holy oblation and participation of the Body and Blood of Christ;" and in the next chapter but two: "This sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ was promised before His coming in type and figure; in the passion of Christ it was offered in verity; after the Ascension of Christ it is celebrated in the Sacrament of commemoration." Does St. Augustine here mean to say that the Mass is only a commemoration of a sacrifice, and not itself a real sacrifice? Far from it, as we shall presently see. What, then, does he mean? In these and similar passages he is considering only one aspect of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. Viewing it precisely as distinct from the Sacrifice of the Cross, he pronounces it only a memorial or commemoration of that Sacrifice. Now, it is distinct just because in it there is a mystic and unbloody immolation of the Victim. Therefore, according to St. Augustine, the mystic immolation, or any immolation other than the real, does but make the Mass a memorial and representation of a "completed sacrifice;" it is the real immolation, and that alone, which makes it a sacrifice "in verity."

The passages are very numerous in which the Saint speaks of the Mass as being the one and only Sacrifice of the New Law. In his Confessions[7] he says simply that "the Sacrifice of our ransom was offered" for the soul of his mother Monica. In his epistle to the catechumen Honoratus[8] he writes: "Hence we give thanks to the Lord our God, which is a great sacrament (mystery or mystic rite) in the sacrifice of the New Testament. This latter, when you have been baptized, you will learn where and when and how it is offered." "There was formerly, as you know," he says,[9] "the Jewish sacrifice of goats and oxen after the order of Aaron, and this in figure; there was not as yet the sacrifice of

[6] Tom. 8, l. 6, c. 5.
[7] l. 9, c. 12, n. 42.
[8] Ep. 140, c. 19, n. 48.
[9] *Enarr. in Psal.* 33, n. 5.

the Lord's Body and Blood, which the faithful know, as those also do who read the Gospel, the sacrifice that is now found over all the earth." So, also, in his commentary on the thirty-ninth Psalm.[10] And, *De Civ. Dei*,[11] "God clearly foretold by the mouths of the Hebrew prophets that there should be an end of the sacrifices which the Jews offered to shadow forth the one that was to be, and that this one sacrifice the Gentiles should offer from the rising of the sun to its setting." In the *Tract. adv. Judaeos*[12] he declares that "the sacrifice of the Christians is offered in every place," and in the work *Contra Adver. Leg. et Prophet.*, l. 1, c. 18, that "former sacrifices of whatever kind were figures of that which the faithful know in the Church." So again, Tom. 9, pp. 154, 462; Tom. 10, pp. 211, 481; and in his homily *De Sacramento altaris ad infantes*, where he refers to the Mass as the "sacrifice so pure and so simple (easy), which is not offered in the earthly city of Jerusalem only, not in the tabernacle built by Moses, or in that temple which Solomon erected, all which were figures of the future; but in which, from the rising of the sun to its going down, is immolated and offered to God a Victim of praise according to the grace of the New Testament. No longer," he adds, "is the victim singled out from the flock, nor is sheep or he-goat led to the altar. The sacrifice of our time is the Body and Blood of the Priest Himself; for of Him it was foretold so long before in the Psalms, *Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech.*"[13] How could St. Augustine see in the Mass the one and only Sacrifice of the New Law, did he not regard it as being formally, that is to say, *in ratione formali sacrificii*, identical with that bloody sacrifice on Calvary in which Christ became a Victim forevermore? Certainly the bloody sacrifices of the Old Law foreshadowed first and foremost the Sacrifice of the Cross, and the Eucharistic Sacrifice only on the supposition that it is identical as a sacrifice, not materially merely, but formally, with that of Calvary.

But there are passages in which the Saint affirms, at least

[10] n. 13.
[11] *De Civ. Dei*, l. 20, c. 23, n. 5.
[12] C. 9, n. 13.
[13] *Ibid.*, n. 1, in Tom. 11. (Index Appendix.)

equivalently and by implication, the formal identity of the Eucharistic Sacrifice with the Sacrifice of the Cross. In his Confessions[14] he tells us that his mother had never absented herself for one day from the altar of God, "whence she knew that Holy Victim to be dispensed, by which *the hand-writing that was against us is blotted out.*" Again, in his *Quaest. in Hept.*,[15] he asks: "What means it that the (Jewish) people were so strictly forbidden to taste the blood of sacrifices offered for sins, if by those sacrifices was prefigured this one sacrifice, in which the remission of sins is really effected, while no one is forbidden to take the blood of this sacrifice as food, but all rather are exhorted to drink, who would have life?" And in his *Contra Cresconium Donatistam*,[16] "Although our Lord Himself says of His own Body and Blood, the alone sacrifice of our redemption, *Unless ye eat of the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, ye shall not have life in you*, does not the Apostle teach us that even this becomes pernicious to those who use it amiss? For he says, *Whosoever shall eat the bread and drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord.*" See also *De Civ. Dei.*[17] Now, one who assigns as the formal reason why the Mass is a sacrifice aught else than its formal identity with the Sacrifice of the Cross, is logically compelled to agree with Suarez that the Eucharistic Sacrifice is not only distinct from, but, strictly speaking, different (*simpliciter diversum*) from the sacrifice offered on Calvary, though the same in a certain sense (*idem secundum quid*). In view of the passages quoted above, it does seem certain that such an idea was altogether foreign to the mind of St. Augustine.

Finally, there are many passages in which the Saint affirms in the most categorical and emphatic way, the oneness of the Sacrifice of the New Law. Over and over again he repeats this; he rings the changes upon it. Now it is "unum hoc sacrificium,"[18] now "unico sacrificio pro salute nostra,"[19] again "verum et uni-

[14] l. 9, c. 12, n. 36.
[15] l. 3, n. 55, *ad finem.*
[16] l. 1, c. 25.
[17] l. 10, c. 6, *ad fin.*, and c. 20.
[18] Tom. 3, p. 704, n. 57.
[19] Tom. 9, p. 462, c. 25.

cum sacrificium pro peccatis,"[20] at another time "verissimo et singulari sacrificio,"[21] and once more "singulari et solo vero sacrificio."[22] Immediately after the words last cited, he goes on to say: "Accordingly, in the olden time, God ordered that the animals offered to Him in sacrifice should be without blemish, to foreshadow in such types this sacrifice; so that, as those (victims) were spotless and free from bodily defect, ground should be given for the hope that there would be immolated for us One who alone was spotless from sin." And, a few sentences further on: "All of which the faithful are made to know in the sacrifice of the Church (*Ecclesiae sacrificio*), whereof all former species of sacrifice were but adumbrations."

The oneness of a thing is bound up with the being of a thing, for as much as a thing derives its unity from the same principle from which it derives its existence. Whence, then, has sacrifice its being? All are familiar with the fourfold division of cause into efficient, material, formal, and final. As for the efficient, final, and material causes, there is no question but these are identically the same in the Sacrifice of the Mass as they were in the Sacrifice of the Cross. In respect of these at least the Mass is absolutely one and the same sacrifice with that offered up on Calvary. The whole question is about the formal cause. Is this, too, one and the same in both? Sacrifice, in its first intention, denotes an action, rather than a thing; the sacrificial action, to speak precisely, is the sacrifice. This, so far at least as regards our sacrifice, is the act of immolation. Now, intrinsic unity of sacrifice depends more upon this than upon any of the other three causes, for the reason that the intrinsic essence of sacrifice depends more upon it. The efficient and final causes, though they determine the being and therefore the unity of sacrifice, are yet extrinsic to it; and the material cause, the victim *in actu primo*, is not an intrinsic cause of sacrifice until it receives its determination from the formal cause, i. e., until the victim is actually immolated. The Paschal lamb, which prefigured Christ our Pasch, was not a sacrifice until it was slain. The lamb as such was no sacrifice;

[20] Tom. 10, p. 600, c. 6.
[21] *Ibid.*, p. 211, c. 11.
[22] Tom. 8, p. 624, c. 18.

the lamb as victim, the lamb as offered and immolated, was the sacrifice.

Does St. Augustine, then, regard the Mass as one and the same sacrifice, in the formal sense of the word, with the Sacrifice of the Cross, or as one and the same in the material sense only? It does not seem to admit of doubt that he is speaking of oneness and sameness in the formal sense. The Sacrifice of the New Law might indeed be called "unum sacrificium," in a loose, material sense, even if the Mass differed *in ratione formali sacrificii* from the sacrifice offered on Calvary. But such unity as this would hardly warrant the language used by the Saint in speaking of it. The expression, "unicum sacrificium," for instance, would imply more than this, for "unicum" is exclusive, as when we say of our Lord that He is *unicus Filius Mariae Virginis.* So, again, the term "singulare" implies formal oneness, expressing, as it does, the highest degree of oneness, namely, that of the individual. It is this formal oneness [23] of the sacrifice that St. Thomas, too, seems to have in view when he says that "the Victim offered by Christ, who is both God and Man, has an everlasting power of sanctifying;" [24] and the Council of Trent when it declares that the unbloody immolation in the Mass serves but to represent and to commemorate the Sacrifice in which Christ "by His own Blood entered once into the Holies, having obtained eternal redemption." [25]

ALEX. MACDONALD, D.D.

Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

[23] The twofold immolation in the Eucharistic Sacrifice does not affect the formal unity of the sacrifice, for the reason that the mystic immolation is, of its very nature and essentially, relative to the real, and so coalesces with it *in unam rationem formalem.* The Eucharistic Sacrifice is thus the exact antitype of all the sacrifices of the Old Law, and especially of the sacrifice of the Paschal lamb, which, as St. Thomas points out (3ª quaest., 73, a. 6), was the most striking figure of it. In the Jewish Pasch, as in the Christian, there was a twofold immolation, and in it, too, the mystic immolation was founded on the real. But while in the Jewish Pasch it was the mystic immolation which gave its whole value to the sacrifice, in the Christian Pasch it is just the other way: it is the real immolation, the real presence of "the Lamb as it were slain," that gives the Mass its whole value.

[24] Comm. in Heb., 10: 14.

[25] Heb. 9: 12.

Analecta.

SANCTISSIMI DOMINI NOSTRI LEONIS DIVINA PROVIDENTIA PAPAE XIII

EPISTOLA ENCYCLICA

AD PATRIARCHAS, PRIMATES, ARCHIEPISCOPOS, EPISCOPOS, ALIOSQVE LOCORVM ORDINARIOS PACEM ET COMMUNIONEM CVM APOSTOLICA SEDE HABENTES

DE IESV CHRISTO REDEMPTORE.

VENERABILIBVS FRATRIBVS, PATRIARCHIS, PRIMATIBVS, ARCHIEPISCOPIS, EPISCOPIS, ALIISQVE LOCORVM ORDINARIIS PACEM ET COMMVNIONEM CUM APOSTOLICA SEDE HABENTIBVS

LEO PP. XIII.

VENERABILES FRATRES

Salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem.

Tametsi futura prospicientibus, vacuo a sollicitudine animo esse non licet, immo vero non paucae sunt nec leves extimescendae formidines, cum tot tamque inveteratae malorum caussae et privatim et publice insideant: tamen spei ac solatii aliquid videntur haec extrema saeculi divino munere peperisse. Nemo enim existimet, nihil habere ad communem salutem momenti renovatam cogitationem bonorum

animi, fideique et pietatis christianae excitata studia: quas quidem virtutes revirescere apud complures aut corroborari hoc tempore, satis expressa signa testantur. En quippe in medio illecebrarum saeculi ac tot circumiectis pietati offensionibus, tamen uno nutu Pontificis undique commeare Romam ad limina sanctorum Apostolorum multitudo frequens: cives pariter ac peregrini dare palam religioni operam: oblataque Ecclesiae indulgentiâ confisi, parandae aeternae salutis artes studiosius exquirere. Quem praeterea ista non moveat, quae omnium obversatur oculis, erga humani generis Salvatorem solito magis incensa pietas? Optimis rei christianae temporibus facile dignus iudicabitur iste ardor animi tot hominum millium una voluntate sententiaque ab ortu ad solis occasum consalutantium nomen laudesque praedicantium IESU CHRISTI. Atque utinam istas avitae religionis velut erumpentes flammas magnum incendium consequatur: exemplumque excellens multorum reliquos permoveat universos. Quid enim tam huic aetati necessarium, quam redintegrari late in civitatibus indolem christianam, virtutesque veteres! Illud calamitosum, alios et quidem nimis multos obsurdescere, nec ea, quae ab eiusmodi pietatis renovatione monentur, audire. Qui tamen si *scirent donum Dei*, si reputarent, nihil fieri posse miserius quam descivisse a liberatore orbis terrarum, moresque et instituta christiana deseruisse, utique exsuscitarent et ipsi sese, certissimumque interitum effugere converso itinere properarent. Iamvero tueri in terris atque amplificare imperium Filii Dei, divinorumque beneficiorum communicatione ut homines salvi sint contendere, munus est Ecclesiae ita magnum atque ita suum, ut hoc in opere maxime omnis eius auctoritas ac potestas consistat. Id Nos in administratione Pontificatus maximi, perdifficili illa quidem ac plena curarum, videmur ad hunc diem pro viribus studuisse: vobis autem, venerabiles Fratres, usitatum certe est, immo quotidianum, praecipuas cogitationes vigiliasque in eodem negotio Nobiscum consumere. Verum utrique debemus pro conditione temporum etiam maiora conari, nominatimque per sacri opportunitatem Anni disseminare latius notitiam atqne amore Iesu Christi, docendo, suadendo, hortando, si forte exaudiri vox nostra queat, non tam eis, dicimus, qui effata christiana accipere pronis auribus consuevere, quam ceteris omnibus longe miserrimis, christianum retinentibus nomen, vitam sine fide, sine amore Christi agitantibus. Horum Nos maxime miseret: hos nominatim velimus, et quid agant et quorsum evasuri sint, ni resipuerint, attendere.

Iesum Christum nullo unquam tempore nullaque ratione novisse, summa infelicitas est, vacat tamen pervicacia atque ingrati animi vitio:

repudiare aut oblivisci iam cognitum, id vero scelus est adeo tetrum atque insanum, ut in hominem cadere vix posse videatur. Principium enim atque origo ille est omnium bonorum: humanumque genus, quemadmodum sine Christi beneficio liberari nequiverat, ita nec conservari sine eius virtute potest. *Non est in alio aliquo salus. Nec enim aliud nomen est sub caelo datum hominibus, in quo oporteat nos salvos fieri.*[1] Quae vita mortalium sit, unde exsulet Iesus, *Dei virtus et Dei sapientia*, qui mores, quae extrema rerum non satis docent exemplo suo expertes christiani luminis gentes? Quarum qui parumper meminerit vel adumbratam apud Paulum[2] caecitatem mentis, depravationem naturae, portenta superstitionum ac libidinum, is profecto defixum misericordia simul atque horrore animum sentiat. —Comperta vulgo sunt, quae memoramus hoc loco, non tamen meditata, nec cogitata vulgo. Neque enim tam multos abalienaret superbia, aut socordia languefaceret, si divinorum beneficiorum late memoria coleretur saepiusque repeteret animus,unde hominem Christus eripuit, et quo provexit. Exheres atque exsul tot iam aetates in interitum gens humana quotidie rapiebatur, formidolosis illis aliisque implicata malis, quae primorum parentum pepererat delictum, nec ea erant ulla humana ope sanabilia, quo tempore Christus Dominus, demissus e caelo liberator, apparuit. Eum quidem victorem domitoremque *serpentis* futurum, Deus ipse in primo mundi ortu spoponderat: inde in adventum eius intueri acri cum expectatione desiderii saecula consequentia. In eo spem omnem repositam, sacrorum fata vatum perdiu ac luculente cecinerant: quin etiam lecti cuiusdam populi varia fortuna, res gestae, instituta, leges, ceremoniae, sacrificia, distincte ac dilucide praesignificaverant, salutem hominum generi perfectam absolutamque in eo fore, qui sacerdos tradebatur futurus, idemque hostia piacularis, restitutor humanae libertatis, princeps pacis, doctor universarum gentium, regni conditor in aeternitate temporum permansuri. Quibus et titulis et imaginibus et vaticiniis specie variis, re concinentibus, ille designabatur unus, qui propter nimiam caritatem suam qua dilexit nos, pro salute nostra sese aliquando devoveret. Sane cum divini venisset maturitas consilii, unigenitus Filius Dei, factus homo, violato Patris numini cumulatissime pro hominibus uberrimeque satisfecit de sanguine suo, tantoque redemptum pretio vindicavit sibi genus humanum. *Non corruptibilibus auro vel argento redempti estis...sed pretioso sanguine quasi agni immaculati Christi, et incontaminati.*[3] Ita omnes in universum homines potestati iam imperio-

[1] Act. 4: 12. [2] Ad Rom. 1. [3] I. Pet. 1: 18–19.

que suo subiectos, quod cunctorum ipse et conditor est et conservator, vere proprieque redimendo, rursus fecit iuris sui. *Non estis vestri: empti enim estis pretio magno.*[4] Hinc a Deo instaurata in Christo omnia. *Sacramentum voluntatis suae, secundum beneplacitum eius, quod proposuit in eo, in dispensatione plenitudinis temporum instaurare omnia in Christo.*[5] Cum delesset Iesus chirographum decreti, quod erat contrarium nobis, affigens illud cruci, continuo quievere caelestes irae; conturbato errantique hominum generi antiquae servitutis liberata nexa, Dei reconciliata voluntas, reddita gratia, reclusus aeternae beatitudinis aditus, eiusque potiundae et ius restitutum et instrumenta praebita. Tum velut excitatus e veterno quodam diuturno ac mortifero dispexit homo lumen veritatis concupitum per tot saecula quaesitumque frustra: in primisque agnovit, ad bona se multo altiora multoque magnificentiora natum quam haec sint, quae sensibus percipiuntur, fragilia et fluxa, quibus cogitationes curasque suas antea finierat: atque hanc omnino esse humanae constitutionem vitae, hanc legem supremam, huc tamquam ad finem omnia referenda; ut a Deo profecti, ad Deum aliquando revertamur. Ex hoc initio et fundamento recreata revixit conscientia dignitatis humanae: sensum fraternae omnium necessitudinis excepere pectora: tum officia et iura, id quod erat consequens, partim ad perfectionem adducta, partim ex integro constituta simulque tales excitatae passim virtutes, quales ne auspicari quidem ulla veterum philosophia potuisset. Quamobrem consilia, actio vitae, mores, in alium abiere cursum; cumque Redemptoris late fluxisset cognitio, atque in intimas civitatum venas virtus eius, expultrix ignorantiae ac vitiorum veterum, permanasset, tum ea est conversio rerum consecuta, quae, christiana gentium humanitate parta, faciem orbis terrarum funditus commutavit.

Istarum in recordatione rerum quaedam inest, venerabiles Fratres, infinita iucunditas pariterque magna vis admonitionis, scilicet ut habeamus toto animo, referendamque curemus, ut potest, divino Servatori gratiam.

Remoti ob vetustatem sumus ab originibus primordiisque restituae salutis: quid tamen istuc referat, quando redemptionis perpetua virtus est, perenniaque et immortalia manent beneficia? Qui naturam peccato perditam reparavit semel, servat idem servabitque in perpetuum: *Dedit redemptionem semetipsum pro omnibus. . . .*[6] *In Christo omnes vivificabuntur. . . .*[7] *Et regni eius non erit finis.*[8] Itaque ex aeterno Dei consilio, omnis est in Christo Iesu cum singulorum,

[4] I. Cor. 6: 19–20. [5] Eph. 1: 9–10. [6] 1 Tim. 2: 6.
[7] 1 Cor. 15: 22. [8] Luc. 1: 33.

tum universorum posita salus: eum qui deserunt, hoc ipso exitium sibi privatim coeco furore consciscunt, eodemque tempore committunt, quantum est in se, ut quam malorum calamitatumque molem pro pietate sua Redemptor depulerat, ad eam ipsam convictus humanus magna iactatus tempestate relabatur.

Rapiuntur enim errore vago optata ab meta longius, quicumque in itinera se devia coniecerint. Similiter si lux veri pura et sincera respuatur, offundi caliginem mentibus, miseraque opinionum pravitate passim infatuari animos necesse est. Spes autem sanitatis quota potest esse reliqua iis, qui principium et fontem vitae deserant? Atqui via, veritas et vita Christus est unice. *Ego sum via, et veritas, et vita:*[9] ita ut, eo posthabito, tria illa ad omnem salutem necessaria principia tollantur.

Num disserere est opus, quod ipsa res monet assidue, quodque vel in maxima mortalium bonorum affluentia in se quisque penitus sentit, nihil esse, praeter Deum, in quo voluntas humana absolute possit atque omni ex parte quiescere? Omnino finis homini, Deus: atque omnis haec, quae in terris degitur, aetas similitudinem peregrinationis cuiusdam atque imaginem verissime gerit. Iamvero *via* nobis Christus est, quia ex hoc mortali cursu, tam laborioso praesertim tamque ancipiti, ad summum et extremum bonorum, Deum, nulla ratione pervenire, nisi Christo auctore et duce, possumus. *Nemo venit ad Patrem, nisi per me.*[10] Quo modo nisi per eum? Nempe in primis et maxime, nisi per gratiam eius: quae tamen *vacua* in homine foret, neglectis praeceptis eius et legibus. Quod enim fieri, parta per Iesum Christum salute, oportebat, legem ipse suam reliquit custodem et procuratricem generis humani, qua nimirum gubernante, a vitae pravitate conversi, ad Deum homines suum securi contenderent. *Euntes docete omnes gentes: . . . docentes eos servare omnia quaecumque mandavi vobis . . .*[11] *Mandata mea servate.*[12] Ex quo intelligi debet, illud esse in professione christiana praecipuum planeque necessarium, praebere se ad Iesu Christi praecepta docilem eique, ut domino ac regi summo, obnoxiam ac devotam penitus gerere voluntatem. Magna res, et quae multum saepe laborem vehementemque contentionem et constantiam desiderat. Quamvis enim Redemptoris beneficio humana sit reparata natura, superstes tamen in unoquoque nostrum velut quaedam aegrotatio est, infirmitas ac vitiositas. Appetitus varii huc atque illuc hominem rapiunt, rerumque externarum illecebrae facile impellunt animum ut, quod lubeat, non quod a Christo imperatum sit, sequatur.

[9] Io. 14: 6. [10] Io. 14: 6. [11] Matt. 28: 19–20. [12] Io. 14: 15.

Atqui tamen contra nitendum, atque omnibus viribus repugnandum est cupiditatibus *in obsequium Christi:* quae, nisi parent rationi, dominantur, totumque hominem Christo ereptum, sibi faciunt servientem. *Homines corrupti mente, reprobi circa fidem, non efficiunt ut non serviant . . . serviunt enim cupiditati triplici, vel voluptatis, vel excellentiae, vel spectaculi.*[13] Atque in eiusmodi certamine sic quisque affectus esse debet, ut molestias etiam et incommoda sibi suscipienda, Christi caussa, putet. Difficile, quae tanto opere alliciunt atque oblectant, repellere: durum atque asperum ea, quae putantur bona corporis et fortunae, prae Christi domini voluntate imperioque contemnere: sed omnino christianum hominem oportet patientem et fortem esse in perferendo, si vult hoc, quod datum est vitae, christiane traducere. Oblitine sumus cuius corporis et cuius capitis simus membra? Proposito sibi gaudio sustinuit crucem, qui nobis ut nosmetipsos abnegaremus praescripsit. Ex ea vero affectione animi, quam diximus, humanae naturae dignitas pendet ipsa. Quod enim vel sapientia antiquorum saepe vidit, imperare sibi efficereque ut pars animi inferior obediat superiori, nequaquam est fractae voluntatis demissio, sed potius quaedam generosa virtus rationi mirifice congruens, in primisque homine digna. Ceterum, multa ferre et perpeti, humana conditio est. Vitam sibi dolore vacuam atque omni expletam beatitate extruere non plus homo potest, quam divini conditoris sui delere consilia, qui culpae veteris consectaria voluit manere perpetua. Consentaneum est ergo, non expectare in terris finem doloris, sed firmare animum ad ferendum dolorem, quo scilicet ad spem certam maximorum bonorum erudimur. Neque enim opibus aut vitae delicatiori, neque honoribus aut potentiae, sed patientiae et lacrimis, studio iustitiae et mundo cordi sempiternam in caelo beatitudinem Christus assignavit.

Hinc facile apparet quid sperari denique ex eorum errore superbiaque debeat, qui, spreto Redemptoris principatu, in summo rerum omnium fastigio hominem locant, atque imperare humanam naturam omni ratione atque in omnes partes statuunt oportere: quamquam id regnum non modo assequi, sed nec definire, quale sit, queunt. Iesu Christi regnum a divina caritate vim et formam sumit: diligere sancte atque ordine, eius est fundamentum et summa. Ex quo illa necessario fluunt, officia inviolate servare: nihil alteri de iure detrahere: humana caelestibus inferiora ducere: amorem Dei rebus omnibus anteponere. Sed isthaec dominatio hominis, aut aperte Christum reiicientis aut non curantis agnoscere, tota nititur in amore sui, caritatis expers, devotionum nescia. Imperet quidem homo, per Iesum

[13] S. Aug. De vera rel., 37.

Christum licet: sed eo, quo solo potest, pacto, ut primum omnium serviat Deo, eiusquae ab lege normam religiose petat disciplinamque vivendi.

Legem vero Christi dicimus non solum praecepta morum naturalia, aut ea quae accepere antiqui divinitus, quae utique Iesus Christus omnia perfecit et ad summum adduxit declarando, interpretando, sanciendo: verum etiam doctrinam eius reliquam, et omnes nominatim ab eo res institutas. Quarum profecto rerum caput est Ecclesia: immo ullaene res numerantur Christo auctore institutae, quas non illa cumulate complectatur et contineat? Porro Ecclesiae ministerio, praeclarissime ab se fundatae, perennare munus assignatum sibi a Patre voluit: cumque ex una parte praesidia salutis humanae in eam omnia contulisset, ex altera gravissime sanxit, ei ut homines perinde subessent ac sibimetipsi, eamdemque studiose et in omni vita sequerentur ducem: *qui vos audit, me audit: et qui vos spernit, me spernit.*[14] Quocirca omnino petenda ab Ecclesia lex Christi est: ideoque via homini Christus, via item Ecclesia: ille per se et natura sua; haec, mandato munere et communicatione potestatis. Ob eam rem quicumque ad salutem contendere seorsum ab Ecclesia velint, falluntur errore viae, frustraque contendunt.

Quae autem privatorum hominum, eadem fere est caussa imperiorum: haec enim ipsa in exitus perniciosos incurrere necesse est, si digrediantur de *via*. Humanae procreator idemque redemptor naturae, Filius Dei, rex et dominus est orbis terrarum, potestatemque summam in homines obtinet cum singulos, tum iure sociatos. *Dedit ei potestatem, et honorem, et regnum: et omnes populi, tribus et linguae ipsi servient.*[15] *Ego autem constitutus sum rex ab eo. . . . Dabo tibi gentes haereditatem tuam, et possessionem tuam terminos terrae.*[16] Debet ergo in convictu humano et societate lex valere Christi, ita ut non privatae tantum ea sit, sed et publicae dux et magistra vitae. Quoniamque id ita est provisum et constitutum divinitus, nec repugnare quisquam impune potest, idcirco male consulitur rei publicae ubicumque instituta christiana non eo, quo debent, habeantur loco. Amoto Iesu, destituitur sibi humana ratio, maximo orbata praesidio et lumine: tum ipsa facile obscuratur notio caussae, quae caussa, Deo auctore, genuit communem societatem, quaeque in hoc consistit maxime ut, civili coniunctione adiutrice, consequantur cives naturale bonum, sed prorsus summo illi, quod supra naturam est, perfectissimoque et perpetuo bono convenienter. Occupatis rerum confusione

[14] Luc. 10: 16. [15] Daniel. 7: 14. [16] Ps. 2.

mentibus, ingrediuntur itinere devio tam qui parent, quam qui imperant: abest enim quod tuto sequantur, et in quo consistant.

Quo pacto miserum et calamitosum aberrare de via, simillime deserere veritatem. Prima autem et absoluta et essentialis *veritas* Christus est, utpote Verbum Dei, consubstantiale et coaeternum Patri, unum ipse et Pater. *Ego sum via, et veritas.* Itaque, si verum quaeritur, pareat primum omnium Iesu Christo, in eiusque magisterio secura conquiescat humana ratio, propterea quod Christi voce loquitur ipsa veritas. Innumerabilia genera sunt, in quibus humani facultas ingenii, velut in uberrimo campo et quidem suo, investigando contemplandoque, libere excurrat, idque non solum concedente, sed plane postulante natura. Illud nefas et contra naturam, contineri mentem nolle finibus suis, abiectaque modestia debita, Christi docentis aspernari auctoritatem. Doctrina ea, unde nostra omnium pendet salus, fere de Deo est rebusque divinissimis: neque sapientia hominis cuiusquam peperit eam, sed Filius Dei ipso ab Patre suo totam hausit atque accepit: *Verba quae dedisti mihi, dedi eis.*[17] Idcirco plura necessario complectitur, non quae rationi dissentiant, id enim fieri nullo pacto potest, sed quorum altitudinem cogitatione assequi non magis possumus, quam comprehendere, qualis est in se, Deum. At enim si tam multae res existunt occultae et a natura ipsa involutae, quas nulla queat humana explicare sollertia, de quibus tamen nemo sanus dubitare ausit, erit quidem libertate perverse utentium non ea perferre quae supra universam naturam longe sunt posita, quod percipere qualia sint non licet. Nolle dogmata huc plane recidit, christianam religionem nullam esse velle. Porro flectenda mens demisse et obnoxie *in obsequium Christi*, usque adeo, ut eius numine imperioque velut captiva teneatur: *In captivitatem redigentes omnem intellectum in obsequium Christi.*[18] Tale prorsus obsequium est, quod Christus sibi tributum vult; et iure vult, Deus est enim, proptereaque sicut voluntatis in homine, ita et intelligentiae unus habet summum imperium. Serviens autem intelligentia Christo domino, nequaquam facit homo serviliter, sed maxime convenienter tum rationi, tum nativae excellentiae suae. Nam voluntate in imperium concedit non hominis cuiuspiam, sed auctoris sui ac principis omnium Dei, cui subiectus est lege naturae: nec astringi se humani opinatione magistri patitur, sed aeterna atque immutabili veritate. Ita et mentis naturale bonum, et libertatem simul consequitur. Veritas enim, quae a Christi magisterio proficiscitur, in conspicuo ponit, unaquaeque res qualis in se sit et quanti: qua imbutus cognitione, si perceptae veritati paruerit homo, non se rebus, sed sibi res, nec rationem libidini,

[17] Io. 17: 8. [18] II. Cor. 10: 5.

sed libidinem rationi subiiciet: peccatique et errorum pessima servitute depulsa, in libertatem praestantissimam vindicabitur: *Cognoscetis veritatem, et veritas liberabit vos.*[19] Apparet igitur, quorum mens imperium Christi recusat, eos pervicaci voluntate contra Deum contendere. Elapsi autem e potestate divina, non propterea solutiores futuri sunt: incident in potestatem aliquam humanam: eligent quippe, ut fit, unum aliquem, quem audiant, cui obtemperent, quem sequantur magistrum. Ad haec, mentem suam, a rerum divinarum communicatione seclusam, in angustiorem scientiae gyrum compellunt, et ad ea ipsa, quae ratione cognoscuntur, venient minus instructi ad proficiendum. Sunt enim in natura rerum non pauca, quibus vel percipiendis, vel explicandis plurimum affert divina doctrina luminis. Nec raro, poenas de superbia sumpturus, sinit illos Deus non vera cernere, ut in quo peccant, in eo plectantur. Utraque de caussa permultos saepe videre licet magnis ingeniis exquisitaque eruditione praeditos, tamen in ipsa exploratione naturae tam absurda consectantes, ut nemo deterius erraverit.

Certum igitur sit, intelligentiam in vita christiana auctoritati divinae totam et penitus esse tradendam. Quod si in eo quod ratio cedit auctoritati, elatior ille animus, qui tantam habet in nobis vim, comprimitur et dolet aliquid, inde magis emergit, magnam esse in christiano oportere non voluntatis dumtaxat, sed etiam mentis tolerantiam. Atque id velimus meminisse, qui cogitatione sibi fingunt ac plane mallent quamdam in christiana professione et sentiendi disciplinam et agendi, cuius essent praecepta molliora, quaeque humanae multo indulgentior naturae, nullam in nobis tolerantiam requireret, aut mediocrem. Non satis vim intelligunt fidei institutorumque christianorum: non vident, undique nobis occurrere *Crucem*, exemplum vitae vexillumque perpetuum iis omnibus futurum, qui re ac factis, non tantum nomine, sequi Christum velint.

Vitam esse, solius est Dei. Ceterae naturae omnes participes vitae sunt, vita non sunt. Ex omni autem aeternitate ac suapte natura *vita* Christus est, quo modo est veritas, quia Deus de Deo. Ab ipso, ut ab ultimo augustissimoque principio, vita omnis in mundum influxit perpetuoque influet: quidquid est, per ipsum est, quidquid vivit, per ipsum vivit, quia *omnia* per Verbum *facta sunt, et sine ipso factum est nihil quod factum est.* Id quidem in vita naturae: sed multo meliorem vitam multoque potiorem satis iam tetigimus supra, Christi ipsius beneficio partam, nempe *vitam gratiae*, cuius beatissimus est exitus *vita gloriae*, ad quam cogitatione atque actiones referendae omnes. In

[19] Io. 8: 32.

hoc est omnibus vis doctrinae legumque christianarum ut *peccatis mortui, iustitiae vivamus,*[20] id est virtuti et sanctitati, in quo moralis vita animorum cum explorata spe beatitudinis sempiternae consistit. Sed vere et proprie et ad salutem apte nulla re alia, nisi fide christiana, alitur iustitia. *Iustus ex fide vivit.*[21] *Sine fide impossibile est placere Deo.*[22] Itaque sator et parens et altor fidei Iesus Christus, ipse est qui vitam in nobis moralem conservat ac sustentat: idque potissimum Ecclesiae ministerio: huic enim, benigno providentissimoque consilio, administranda instrumenta tradidit, quae hanc, de qua loquimur, vitam gignerent generatam tuerentur, extinctam renovarent. Vis igitur procreatrix eademque conservatrix virtutum *salutarium* eliditur, si disciplina morum a fide divina diiungitur: ac sane despoliant hominem dignitate maxima, vitaque deiectum supernaturali ad naturalem perniciosissime revolvunt, qui mores dirigi ad honestatem uno rationis magisterio volunt. Non quod praecepta naturae dispicere ac servare recta ratione homo plura non queat: sed omnia quamvis dispiceret et sine ulla offensione in omni vita servaret, quod nisi opitulante Redemptoris gratia non potest, tamen frustra quisquam, expers fidei, de salute sempiterna confideret. *Si quis in me non manserit, mittetur foras sicut palmes, et arescet, et colligent eum, et in ignem mittent, et ardet.*[23] *Qui non crediderit, condemnabitur.*[24] Ad extremum quanti sit in se ipsa, et quos pariat fructus ista divinae fidei contemptrix honestas, nimis multa habemus documenta ante oculos. Quid est quod in tanto studio stabiliendae augendaeque prosperitatis publicae, laborant tamen ac paene aegrotant civitates tam multis in rebus tamque gravibus quotidie magis? Utique civilem societatem satis aiunt fretam esse per se ipsam: posse sine praesidio institutorum christianorum commode se habere, atque eo, quo spectat, uno labore suo pervenire. Hinc quae administrantur publice, ea more profano administrari malunt: ita ut in disciplina civili vitaque publica populorum vestigia religionis avitae pauciora quotidie videas. At non cernunt satis quid agant. Nam submoto numine recta et prava sancientis Dei, excidere auctoritate principe leges necesse est, iustitiamque collabi, quae duo firmissima sunt coniunctionis civilis maximeque necessaria vincula. Similique modo, sublata semel spe atque expectatione bonorum immortalium, pronum est mortalia sitienter appetere: de quibus trahere ad se, quanto plus poterit, conabitur quisque pro viribus. Hinc aemulari, invidere, odisse; tum consilia teterrima: de gradu deiectam velle omnem potestatem, meditari passim dementes

[20] I. Peter 2: 24. [21] Galat. 3: 11. [22] Hebr. 11: 6.
[23] Io. 15: 6. [24] Marc. 16: 16.

ruinas. Non pacatae res foris, non securitas domi: deformata sceleribus vita communis.

In tanto cupiditatum certamine, tantoque discrimine, aut extrema metuenda pernicies, aut idoneum quaerendum mature remedium. Coercere maleficos, vocare ad mansuetudinem mores populares atque omni ratione deterrere a delictis providentiâ legum, rectum idemque necessarium: nequaquam tamen in isto omnia. Altius sanatio petenda populorum: advocanda vis humanâ maior, quae attingat animos, renovatosque ad conscientiam officii, efficiat meliores: ipsa illa nimirum vis, quae multo maioribus fessum malis vindicavit semel ab interitu orbem terrarum. Fac reviviscere et valere, amotis impedimentis, christianos in civitate spiritus; recreabitur civitas. Conticescere proclive erit inferiorum ordinum cum superioribus contentionem, ac sancta utrinque iura consistere verecundiâ mutuâ. Si Christum audiant, manebunt in officio fortunati aeque ac miseri: alteri iustitiam et caritatem sentient sibi esse servandam, si salvi esse volunt, alteri temperantiam et modum. Optime constiterit domestica societas, custode salutari metu iubentis, vetantis Dei: eademque ratione plurimum illa in populis valebunt, quae ab ipsa natura praecipiuntur, vereri potestatem legitimam et obtemperare legibus ius esse: nihil seditiose facere, nec per coitiones moliri quicquam. Ita, ubi christiana lex omnibus praesit et eam nulla res impediat, ibi sponte fit ut conservetur ordo divina providentia constitutus, unde efflorescit cum incolumitate prosperitas. Clamat ergo communis salus, referre se necesse esse, unde numquam digredi oportuerat, ad eum qui via et veritas et vita est, nec singulos dumtaxat, sed societatem humanam universe. In hanc velut in possessionem suam, restitui Christum dominum oportet, efficiendumque ut profectam ab eo vitam hauriant atque imbibant omnia membra et partes reipublicae, iussa ac vetita legum, instituta popularia, domicilia doctrinae, ius coniugiorum convictusque domestici, tecta locupletium, officinae opificum. Nec fugiat quemquam, ex hoc pendere magnopere ipsam, quae tam vehementer expetitur, gentium humanitatem, quippe quae alitur et augetur non tam iis rebus, quae sunt corporis, commoditatibus et copiis, quam iis, quae sunt animi, laudabilibus moribus et cultu virtutum.

Alieni a Iesu Christo plerique sunt ignoratione magis, quam voluntate improba: qui enim hominem, qui mundum studeant dedita opera cognoscere, quam plurimi numerantur: qui Filium Dei, perpauci. Primum igitur sit, ignorationem scientiâ depellere, ne repudietur aut spernatur ignotus. Quotquot ubique sunt, christianos obtestamur dare velint operam, quoad quisque potest, Redemptorem suum ut

noscant, qualis est: in quem ut quis intuebitur mente sincera iudicioque integro, ita perspicue cernet nec eius lege fieri quicquam posse salubrius, nec doctrinâ divinius. In quo mirum quantum allatura adiumenti est auctoritas atque opera vestra, venerabiles Fratres, tum Cleri totius studium et sedulitas. Insculpere populorum in animis germanam notionem ac prope imaginem Iesu Christi, eiusque caritatem, beneficia, instituta illustrare litteris, sermone, in scholis puerilibus, in gymnasiis, in concione, ubicumque se det occasio, partes officii vestri praecipuas putatote. De iis, quae appellantur *iura hominis*, satis audiit multitudo: audiat aliquando de iuribus Dei. Idoneum tempus esse, vel ipsa indicant excitata iam, ut diximus, multorum recta studia, atque ista nominatim in Redemptorem tot significationibus testata pietas, quam quidem saeculo insequenti, si Deo placet, in auspicium melioris aevi tradituri sumus. Verum, cum res agatur quam non aliunde sperare nisi a gratia divina licet, communi studio summisque precibus flectere ad misericordiam insistamus omnipotentem Deum, ut interire ne patiatur, quos ipsemet profuso sanguine liberavit: respiciat hanc propitius aetatem, quae multum quidem deliquit, sed multa vicissim ad patiendum aspera in expiationem exanclavit: omniumque gentium generumque homines benigne complexus, meminerit suum illud: *Ego si exaltatus fuero a terra, omnia traham ad meipsum.*[25]

Auspicem divinorum munerum, benevolentiaeque Nostrae paternae testem vobis, venerabiles Fratres, Clero populoque vestro Apostolicam benedictionem peramanter in Domino impertimus.

Datum Romae apud S. Petrum die 1 Novembris An. MDCCCC, Pontificatus Nostri vicesimo tertio.

LEO PP. XIII.

[25] Io. 12: 32

Conferences.

THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW proposes to answer in this department questions of general (not merely local or personal) interest to the Clergy. Questions suitable for publication, when addressed to the editor, receive attention in due turn, but in no case do we pledge ourselves to reply to all queries, either in print or by letter.

OUR ANALECTA.

We print this month the Encyclical Letter of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, addressed to the prelates of the universal Church, on Jesus Christ, Redeemer of the world.

The Holy Father exhorts to greater zeal, especially at this time, in the spread of the knowledge and the love of our Saviour, not only amongst the faithful, but also amongst all professing Christians.

BOËTIUS OR ST. BOËTIUS?

Qu. Is Severinus Boëtius, the author of the well-known work *De Consolatione Philosophiae*, ever justly styled "Sanctus Boëtius," as is asserted by some Italian writers? History states, indeed, that he was put to death after having been cruelly tortured by order of Theodoric, who should have been his benefactor. That he was innocent of the crimes laid to his charge seems to be clear enough from the above-mentioned work, in which he pleads his innocence; but the accusations made against him were of a political nature, and there has been even a doubt as to whether or not he had actually made a profession of the Christian faith, because he seemed to favor certain condemned Platonic doctrines.

Resp. It may be difficult to prove from the *De Consolatione Philosophiae* that Boëtius had actually been baptized or admitted into the Christian Church, although the sentiments expressed by him in his work are those of one who practised the Christian virtues. It must, however, be remembered that there was no special occasion why Boëtius should, in making his defence, tell the world that he had been initiated in the faith of Christ. On the other hand, there exists a well-authenticated tradition that the

husband of the saintly Elpis, to whom are ascribed the two hymns of the Roman Breviary, *Beate pastor Petre* and *Decora Lux*, and who lies beside the martyred hero in the tomb erected by Emperor Otho III in Pavia, was not only a devout Christian, but likewise a saint. As such he is actually venerated; and the *ordo* of the diocese of Pavia celebrates his feast with a Mass and office "duplex de commune martyrum" on October 23, a cult which is recognized by the Holy See, although not extended to the universal Church.

Historical criticism is generally conceded to have effectually disposed of the charges that Boëtius taught the doctrine "de praeexistentia animae" as Plato conceived it; and which the censors discovered in Boëtius, who is supposed to have borrowed it from the works of Origen, where the error was found after the death of that greater teacher of the early Church.

RESTITUTION TO THE DECEASED.

The case occasionally occurs that Catholics owing money to a person who has died, consider that they may discharge their debt by having Masses said for the soul of the deceased creditor. They justify this mode of restitution by pleading that they do not know the proper person to whom the money can be paid, or that the heirs of the deceased are worthless and would only squander the money, or that the deceased certainly would sanction the use of the money for Masses and prayers if his wishes could presently be ascertained. These reasons seem plausible enough, and would perhaps be valid if the rightful claimants of the money or property left by the deceased could not be ascertained or reached. But the obligation of a debtor is not cancelled by his disposal of the money for the greater benefit of the deceased, since the law of justice assigns all the belongings of the deceased to his lawful heirs. Hence, a confessor would not allow a penitent to make restitution by offerings to the Church when there is a definite creditor. This is plain.

But it may not be so plain that a penitent who, being in good faith, has actually endeavored to discharge his debt by offering

the amount for Masses in behalf of his deceased creditor, should be obliged to pay the money a second time by returning the amount due to the heirs of the deceased. Nevertheless, the S. Congregation of the Poenitentiaria, being consulted regarding such a case in Italy, replies that the restitution must be made good by returning the amount due to the proper heirs and to no one else; and that the offerings for Masses made with the intention of benefiting the soul of the deceased count for nothing toward the elimination of the actual debt whenever the legitimate heirs can be reached. Hence the S. Congregation refused to declare the debt cancelled, and replied: "*Cum agatur de jure tertii*, condonationi locum non esse, et summam de qua in precibus, restituendam esse haeredibus defuncti."—S. P. A., February 7, 1899.

"INTINCTION" OR COMMUNION UNDER BOTH KINDS.

Qu. In a recent issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reference is made to an editorial in the London *Lancet*, advocating the "revival of the ancient custom of dipping the bread in the wine, or *intinction*," instead of the use of the chalice offered to the laity at the Protestant "communion service." The writer adds that up to the twelfth century this method was in general use in the Church—which means of course the Catholic Church—and suggests that by returning to this ancient practice modern Christians would show their sympathy with "the Church as a leader in sanitary matters," since on sanitary grounds the use of the individual communion cup must be regarded as impracticable.

What would Catholic authorities say to the suggestion of returning to the custom of ministering Holy Communion by intinction? Was the Church right in abandoning Communion under both kinds when it could be so administered?

Resp. The Catholic Church does not "return." She moves slowly, with the longanimity of her Divine Head. When she advances, she does so for good and forever. The practice of administering Communion under one kind is not equivalent to *abandoning* Communion under both kinds. In the first place, the practice of administering Communion under one kind has always been in use in the Church—as the Acts of the Martyrs and the

writings of the Christian Fathers amply testify—*whenever it was inconvenient or dangerous to administer the Sacrament under both kinds.* The primary reason was reverence, that is, to avoid the danger of spilling the Precious Blood, of contamination, of physical or moral weakness. Hence the sick, children, anchorites, prisoners, and travellers received under one kind; and those who expected martyrdom carried the Blessed Sacrament with them in golden capsules or linen cloths, in order that they might themselves take the Viaticum at the last hour. In the churches at Mass, and where there were few communicants, the chalice was administered to the faithful. In the course of time, the practice of receiving under one kind, being the more convenient, simply prevailed even in churches. Abbot Rudolph, of Verdun, in a memorial left us of his day (A. D. 1118), explains to the clerics how they are to act in the matter:

> Hic et ibi cautela fiat, ne presbyter aegris
> Aut sanis tribuat laicis de sanguine Christi,
> Nam fundi posset leviter, simplexque putaret,
> Quod non sub specie sit totus Jesus utrâque.

Priests refrained from giving the chalice not only to the sick, but to those in good health, whenever there appeared danger of desecration or irreverence by spilling or otherwise; and the reception of the Precious Blood was not deemed a command since the faithful were convinced that the Real Presence was contained in each species entirely.

What had originally been a caution for the guarding of the Blessed Sacrament, and, as some physicians may prefer to view it, a sanitary safeguard, became eventually the more common practice, and was subsequently rendered *uniform by ecclesiastical statutes.* This never implied that there was any doctrinal change in the views of the Church, which still allows the use of the chalice to the celebrating priest everywhere, and to the laity of the Greek or Oriental rites, so long as they use the required means to safeguard the reverence due to the Sacred Body of our Redeemer.

The desire on the part of the Protestant churches to go back to "intinction," and perhaps later on to the bread service of Communion, only brings out into stronger contrast the conservatism of the Catholic Church, which, conscious of the eternal truth within

her, keeps her safe path, showing that she is still, after ages of attempted "reforms" around her, the "leader in sanitary matters"—both for the soul's and the body's healing.

ST. ANTHONY'S BREAD AND ITS ABUSE.

A brief communication in our last issue, calling attention to the traffic in blessed articles, which is forbidden by the laws of the Church, has brought us some letters remonstrating against the critic, who signed his name, and wondering why the editor of the REVIEW, "always so orthodox, and prudent, and erudite," could have admitted into the pages of this magazine any slur upon such devotions as St. Anthony's Bread, blessed medals of canonized saints, and the like.

One advocate of these devotions, a priest whose duties and position place him above the credulity of those with whom devotion easily degenerates into a sort of superstition, whilst protesting against the lack of discrimination on the part of the critic in our pages who discredits the abuses of the charitable practice of "St. Anthony's Bread," sends us a Manual of St. Anthony of Padua, calling attention to a passage on page 15, and asking us to "compare the strictures of the writer in the November impression of the AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, under caption 'Pious Humbugs,'" with it. The passage on page 15 of the Manual, scored in strong lines, reads as follows:

"His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, in a brief dated March 1, 1898, gives high praise to this work, and exhorts the faithful to foster devotion to the Miracle-Worker. In carrying out this work, *a box with two compartments*, one to receive petitions in writing, *the other to receive St. Anthony's Bread*, is placed before or close by the altar or shrine of St. Anthony." [1]

Perhaps we have here a very sample of the "humbug" pointed out in the REVIEW, although there are others greatly worse. No one need doubt that the Holy Father, Leo XIII—in a Brief with a date—gives high praise to certain works of charity, called St. Anthony's Bread, which means bestowing alms in honor of St. Anthony, who was himself a model of charity. But when the approbation or "high praise" is represented as covering boxes

[1] The Italics are in the original.

"with two compartments . . . placed before or close by the altar," it is simply a disingenuous misinterpretation calculated to increase the fruits of charity by supplying motives which easily lead to abuse. The manner in which the above paragraph reads, and in which our correspondent scored it, would make the simple-minded believe that the two-compartment box before the altar is there by special sanction of the Pope, and that this highly sanctioned method is a particular kind of assurance that the petitions put on paper and placed in the box will be answered at once. Sensible or reflecting Catholics know that anything they rightly ask of God in the name of His Divine Son will be granted them, and that devotions like that of St. Anthony are merely incentives to lead the individual to this one Mediator, whence the Church invariably concludes her prayers by some such form as "through Christ Jesus, our Lord."

Of course, charity is prompted by definite motives, and motives must be aided into deeds by certain methods. The method should be free from exaggeration, misrepresentation, and sordid attraction. The method of making an offering in behalf of the poor in honor of St. Anthony and calling it St. Anthony's Bread is certainly calculated to do good; but whenever it is either utilized to arouse charitable generosity by exaggerated appeals or promises, or for the purpose of supplying less worthy needs than those of the really poor, and to make it appear a traffic, or when it is allowed to foster a purely mechanical devotion, it is wrong. This is all that the critic in the REVIEW meant to point out.

SAYING MASS WITHOUT A SERVER.

Qu. Kindly reply in an early issue to the following practical doubt regarding the faculty usually granted to American priests through their bishops of celebrating without a minister. The faculty referred to reads, "si aliter celebrari non possit." Does this mean that if by waiting half or three-quarters of an hour, or by searching around the parish for a boy on an ordinary weekday, the priest must do so or abstain from celebrating that day? PERPLEXUS.

Resp. The question of how we are to interpret the clause, "si aliter celebrari non possit," has been answered by Father Schober,

the Roman liturgist and Consultor of the S. Congregation of Rites. In his edition of the *Liber de Caeremoniis Missae*[1] he says: "The faculty of celebrating Mass without a server, a faculty granted to missionary priests, *always* supposes a *grave* necessity."

Now, if this grave necessity, such as supplying Viaticum, or saying Mass on a holiday of obligation, or personally fulfilling the Sunday precept,[2] or the risk *of having otherwise to omit altogether the celebration*, is required before the privilege of dispensing with a server may be used, it is plain that a priest will have to go to some trouble to secure a server, and under ordinary circumstances to wait for one, if he have failed to provide the same in advance. The subject has been discussed more fully in previous numbers of the REVIEW.[3]

FUNERAL MASSES DURING FORTY HOURS' PRAYER.

Qu. Please tell us the right thing to do in case of a funeral during the Forty Hours' Adoration. The rubrics say, "Requiem Masses are prohibited during the Forty Hours', except on All Souls' Day."

In one case that has fallen under my observation, the pastor, acting on instructions from the diocesan master of ceremonies, celebrated Mass for the dead on a side altar, using violet vestments. On another occasion the pastor, in agreement with other priests, sang the Mass of the day. In both instances the body was present. By informing us about the above in the columns of the valued REVIEW, you will greatly oblige SACERDOS.

Resp. "Masses *de requiem* are strictly forbidden during the time in which the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, except on All Souls' Day, when the color of the vestments is violet. This Mass, however, may never be celebrated at the altar of exposition."[4]

That a requiem Mass may not be celebrated at a side altar, even if the altar be in a recess or chapel off the main aisle, whilst

[1] Cap. II, § 13, not. 20.

[2] *Cf.* Lehmkuhl, Vol. II, 244.

[3] Vol. VII, 381, etc.

[4] *Manual of Forty Hours' Adoration*, page 9, AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, has been decided by the S. Congregation of Rites quite recently. "An in eodem sacello expositionis quotidianae SS. Eucharistiae, quod duobus constat capellis, ex adverso positis cum transitu per medium, possint celebrari Missae *de requiem* in altari ubi non extat expositio? Et Sacra Rituum Congregatio die 13 Junii 1900 rescripsit: *Negative.*"

MISSA DEDICATIONIS ECCLESIAE IN DOMINICA I ADVENTUS.

Qu. On account of many circumstances, it is found necessary to delay the dedication of a church until the first Sunday of Advent. Provided the community Mass is celebrated with purple vestments, may the gold vestments be used for the dedicatory Mass?

R. J. R.

Resp. À Carpo, in his *Kalendarium Perpetuum*, after stating that the solemn Mass in *ipsa die Consecrationis* (or *Dedicationis*) must be *de Dedicatione*, makes exception for the first Sunday of Advent, Palm Sunday and Holy Week, also Easter Sunday, Christmas Day, the Epiphany, Ascension, etc., even if a separate Mass after the manner of a *missa conventualis de die* be celebrated in the church.[5]

QUATTUOR TEMPORA.

The following couplet (hexameter and pentameter), marking the occurrence of the ember days during the ecclesiastical year, is a curious instance of mediæval methods of studying liturgy:

Post Luciam, Cineres, post sanctum Pneuma Crucemque,
Tempora dat quatuor feria quarta sequens.

That is, after the feast of St. Lucy (December 13), Ash Wednesday, Pentecost, and the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, we have the four sets of ember days (following Wednesday).

THE BRIDGETINE INDULGENCE.

Qu. Where can I obtain in the United States the faculty of attaching the Bridgetine indulgence to rosaries? Is it the exclusive privilege of any religious order, or have any of our bishops the right to grant it?

T. D.

[5] *Kalend. Perpet.*, Cap. II, 4, p. 32; and Cap. VIII, 5, p. 131, edit. Ferrar. 1875.

Resp. The faculty ordinarily granted to missionary priests in the United States, *Benedicendi coronas precatorias*, etc.,[6] includes the power of imparting the Bridgetine together with the Apostolic indulgence. Such was the interpretation given to Archbishop Elder in 1877—at the time Bishop of Natchez—by the Secretary of the Propaganda, when questioned as to the extent of the above-mentioned faculty.[7]

MIDNIGHT MASS TO USHER IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

We have been asked to direct the attention of our readers to the decree *urbis et orbis*, issued in November, 1899, by which the Sovereign Pontiff granted for all the churches and chapels where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved the privilege of midnight Mass—at the discretion of the Ordinary of the diocese—on December 31, 1899, and of 1900. The decree permits Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament during the Mass, which may be either a low or a high Mass of the feast of the Circumcision and the Octave of the Nativity. On this occasion the faithful are especially privileged to receive Holy Communion, either during Mass or outside it. The text of the document appeared in our January issue of this year, pp. 79–80.

[6] Extraord. 9.

[7] *Commentar. in Facultat. Apost.*, Putzer, n. 184, coroll.

Recent Bible Study.

FATHER H. DUTOUQUET publishes, in *Les Études*,[1] a study on the psychology of inspiration. Starting from the fact that the sacred books have a double authorship, a human and a divine, he analyzes the influence which God has to exercise on the soul of the human agent in order to produce an inspired book. In the first part of his article the writer studies God's influence on the will, on the intellect, and on the sensitive part of the inspired author. This third element, which may also be called the divine assistance in the act of writing, is, according to Father Dutouquet, something merely negative, consisting in a special divine providence that prevents the sacred writer from committing any error in his divinely appointed task. In the second part of his article the author proceeds to investigate the extent of God's positive influence on the inspired writer. This question is, according to Father Dutouquet, identical with the question of verbal inspiration. We believe the learned writer does not distinguish sufficiently between verbal expressions that are more or less necessarily connected with the corresponding thought, and others that might be replaced by grammatical, rhetorical, or logical equivalents without any change of meaning. Again, the author quotes a decree of the *Congregatio Concilii*, issued in 1576, concerning the inerrancy of the Latin Vulgate, without mentioning the fact that this Congregation received the power of authentically interpreting the disciplinary decrees of the Council only A. D. 1586, and that even at that late date Sixtus V reserved to himself and his successors the power of explaining the dogmatic decrees. But Father Dutouquet does well in rejecting the system of verbal inspiration as a whole.

Last February[2] we drew attention to a study of Father Nisius on the extent of the Church's power to interpret the Bible.[3] The

[1] Oct. 20, 1900, pp. 159 ff.

[2] Pp. 207 ff.

[3] *Cf. Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie*, 1899, n. 2, pp. 282–311; n. 3, pp. 460–500.

Church *positively* explains the Scriptures only in what theologians call dogmas, whether they concern matters to be believed or matters to be practised, *e. g.*, celibacy or fasting. *Negatively*, however, the Church explains the whole of the Bible, since no passage of Sacred Scripture can be explained so as to conflict with any of the Church's teaching. This position of Father Nisius was reviewed by Father Lagrange[4] and the Abbé L. Dessailly.[5] Though the former writer approves of many of Father Nisius' suggestions, he fails to see how the Church can guard the whole of the Biblical truth without being able to say what it is, i. e., without being able to explain it *positively*. The latter writer endeavors to defend an eclectic system. Father Nisius, he says, is right in assigning the whole of the Biblical truth to the deposit of faith entrusted to the Church, but he is wrong in limiting to dogmas the Church's power of *positively* explaining the Bible. Father Lagrange is right in extending the Church's power of *positive* explanation to the whole deposit of faith, but he is wrong in limiting the deposit to certain Biblical truths. Hence, the abbé contends that all Biblical truths belong to the deposit of faith, and that the Church has the power of *positively* explaining the whole of the Bible. In the October number of the *Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie*,[6] Father Nisius answers his learned reviewers. First, he again insists on his thesis that not all of the Biblical truths belong to the deposit of faith, but only those technically called dogmas; secondly, he explains more clearly what is meant by the negative explanation of a Biblical passage. If the meaning of a Biblical passage be evident beyond doubt, the dogma of inspiration and the consequent inerrancy of Sacred Scripture oblige the Church to reject any different meaning. If, on the other hand, a passage is ambiguous or obscure, and does not belong to the circle of dogmatic truths, Father Nisius fails to see whence the Church has the power of *positively* determining its meaning. The writer fully grants that his position implies the admission of the absolute inerrancy of Sacred Scripture, but he maintains that this fully agrees with the whole drift of patristic

[4] *Revue biblique*, Jan., 1900, pp. 135–142.
[5] *Science Catholique*, May 6, 1900, pp. 500 ff.
[6] IV, 1900, pp. 672 ff.

teaching as well as the pronouncements of the Encyclical *Providentissimus Deus*. Berthier's observation that Biblical language in many passages agrees with the external appearances of things, does not settle the question at issue. Lagrange's suggestion that there are many so-called *facta dogmatica* in Sacred Scripture, not only necessitates an extension of the meaning of this term, but also demands an authentic declaration as to what part of the Scriptures is an historical or scientific statement, and what belongs to the mere vehicle of dogma. Furthermore, Father Nisius draws attention to the fact that the Abbé Dessailly's language is rather rhetorical than argumentative, and that he fails to prove the double power of the Church to teach and to explain the Sacred Scriptures.

Towards the end of his article Father Nisius expresses his belief that it is now generally admitted that in the Galileo case the Roman theologians were wrong as to the question of *fact*, since in point of fact there exists no such agreement of patristic teaching on the question then at issue as is required to coerce the assent of a Bible student; moreover, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of Egger, Granderath, Grisar, and others, Father Nisius believes those Roman theologians that appealed in the Galileo case to the teaching of the Fathers were wrong even in *principle*, since the question does not belong to that class of truths in which the Councils oblige the Bible student to follow the lead of patristic interpretation. The Roman Congregations were right in *principle* only in so far as they considered Galileo's teaching as opposed to the evident teaching of Sacred Scripture, and the decrees they issued bear witness that this view was held by many of the members. We now know that the Biblical expressions often agree with outward appearances and the language of the people.

F. Zorell contributes to the *Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie*,[7] a short article on the relative value of the systems according to which, in transliterating Hebrew words and proper names into Greek, the smooth or the rough breathing is employed. Tischendorf is represented as the type of one system, while Westcott and Hort typify the other. According to Tischendorf, transliterated Hebrew words receive in Greek the rough breathing, if

[7] IV, 1900. Pp. 734 ff.

they happen to begin with a group of letters which has the rough breathing in well-known Greek words; Westcott and Hort, on the other hand, are said to employ the rough breathing in words beginning with ה or ח, and the soft breathing in those beginning with א, ע, or י.

A critical edition of St. Gregory's homilies on the Gospels will appear in the *Corpus scriptorum ecclesiasticorum latinorum.* Georg Pfeilschifter has published what may be considered a preparatory study to this critical edition of the text;[8] the author investigates certain questions concerning the time, place, and circumstances of the origin and first delivery of the homilies. We are told that the Venerable Pontiff, on seeing his homilies published almost clandestinely by his over-zealous friends, issued an authentic edition and deposited a copy of the same in the papal library. It is to be hoped that this copy will be found before the publication of the Vienna edition.

Father J. Bruneau publishes in the *Catholic University Bulletin*[9] "Some Recent Views on the Book of Ecclesiastes." Those interested in the difficult study of this short book will find in the article a summary of references to the best literature on the subject. Dr. B. F. De Costa, in his article, "The Bible in the Life, Thought, and Homes of the People,"[10] shows what the Catholic Church of the present day does for the preservation and the knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures, and what in turn the Bible will do for its devout reader. It may interest our pious reader to learn that a fourth edition has been published of the Life and Passion of Jesus Christ, by the Venerable Father Martin von Cochem;[11] those who know the book know also the incalculable amount of good it has done in the most varied circles of readers.

While the controversy concerning the genuineness of the recently-discovered Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus has drawn the attention of the learned world in a special manner to the study of this book, H. Herkenne has presented us with a special investiga-

[8] Die authentische Ausgabe der 40 Evangelien-Homilien Gregors des Grossen. Ein erster Beitrag zur Geschichte ihrer Ueberlieferung. München: Lentner. 1900.

[9] October, 1900. Pp. 498 ff.

[10] *Catholic World*, September, 1900. Pp. 751 ff.

[11] Freiburg: Herder.

tion into the Old Latin version of the same.[12] After a learned preface, the author devotes a chapter to the Old Latin version in general, another to a second Latin version, a third chapter to the Syriac text, a fourth chapter to the Coptic versions, a fifth chapter to the Armenian version, and a sixth chapter to the Ethiopic version; these introductory chapters are followed by a critical commentary.

The latest contribution to the *Biblische Studien* treats of Barhebræus and his scholia on Holy Scripture;[13] the author first reviews the life and the works of Barhebræus in general, and then devotes the bulk of his treatise to a study of the scholia in particular. He inquires into the texts used by Barhebræus, into his textual criticism, into the grammar and lexicography of the scholia, and into the character of exegesis exhibited in the same. The work is full, not merely of erudition, but also of interest for every lover of Bible study.

Dr. Kennedy believes that our present Second Epistle to the Corinthians is made up of two distinct epistles sent at different times.[14] Part of the Second Epistle is found in II Cor. 10: 13, and the third in II Cor. 1: 9. The arguments of the author may aid the reader in dividing the Epistle more satisfactorily. T. H. Barnard has seen fit to publish a fifth edition of the material that formed originally the Bampton Lectures for 1864.[15] Though of late the subject has been treated more thoroughly than Barnard could do in a work written thirty-six years ago, still his book has not yet outgrown its usefulness. C. A. Scott publishes an article on the Gospel according to St. Paul, its Character and Source.[16] David Eaton gives us a brief and interesting statement of the main conclusions reached in Professor Wendt's important

[12] De Veteris Latinæ Ecclesiastici capitibus 1 : 43, una cum notis ex eiusdem libri translationibus æthiopica, armeniaca, copticis, latina altera, syro-hexaplari depromptis. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung. 1899.

[13] Barhebræus und seine Scholien zur Heiligen Schrift von Dr. Johann Göttsberger. Freiburg: Herder. 1900.

[14] The Second and Third Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians. By J. H. Kennedy, D.D.; Methuen.

[15] The Progress of Doctrine in the New Testament. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1900.

[16] *Expositor*, September, 1900. Pp. 202–210.

new work on the Gospel of St. John, which deals with the problems of introduction to the book.[17] We are glad to add here a word about Eb. Nestle's Miscellen,[18] which treat first on the New Testament, then on the phrase "our daily bread," and, thirdly, on the division into five as it is found in the work of Papias and in the first Gospel. The reader will remember that Professor Nestle's publications are usually remarkable for clearness of treatment and interest of presentation.

[17] *Expository Times*, September, 1900. Pp. 547-550.

[18] *Zeitschrift für neutestamentliche Wissenschaft.* Heft 3, 1900, pp. 249-254.

Book Review.

DE EXEMPLARISMO DIVINO, seu Doctrina de Trino Ordine Exemplari et de Trino Rerum Omnium Ordine Exemplato, in qua fundatur Speculativa et Practica Encyclopædia Scientiarum, Artium et Virtutum, auctore Ernesto Dubois, C. SS. R. Tomus tertius: APPLICATUR DOCTRINA DIVINI EXEMPLARISMI AD ORDINEM PERFECTIONIS SCIENTIARUM. Romae, ex typographia Della Pace, Philippi Cuggiani. 1900. Pp. 960.

For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the earlier volumes of this *magnum opus*, it may be desirable here to state that the author's aim is to work out a supremely synthetic science of the uncreated and the created orders; to unfold and systematize the principles presented by revelation and discoverable by reason, in so far as they converge on the Divine Trinity in Itself and in Its reflection in the universe. His system may be compared to a tree. The first part represents the roots; the second part the trunk and the branches. In the present and the portions yet to issue the fruits are to be gathered. In other words, the first two volumes establish and develop the speculative doctrine of "Exemplarism;" the third and fourth volumes show the practical bearing of that doctrine on the all-round perfection of man. As human nature has been fashioned on the divine model, its perfection must consist of a clear, conscious, and voluntary assimilating thereto. This assimilating process must needs follow the three ways in which man can imitate the activity of his archetype, that is, speculatively, effectively, and actively—in thought, in work, in conduct. In thought, knowledge, or *science*, we imitate God in His knowledge of the true; in work or in art we imitate the Divine Artificer as the producer of the beauty of the cosmos; in active conduct or virtue, we imitate God as the source of good. God, therefore, is the supreme Truth to which all science and sciences are and should be related; the supreme Beauty to which all arts look up; the supreme moral Goodness to which all virtues refer. In a word, God is the supreme Exemplar of all science, of all art, of all virtue. Moreover, the Divine Reason is the supreme reason of all that can be known, produced, or effected.

Again, the beginning of our perfection in the imitative order is *knowledge* (science), theoretical and practical; its means is *art*, whose

æsthetic principles flow from metaphysical science; the end of science and art is *virtue*, which perfects not only man's intellect and his external works, but also his will, so as to render him good simply, and not good only under this or that respect.

In the present volume the author applies the doctrine of "Exemplarism" to the order of perfection in the *sciences*. This order comprises three stages, interrelated as beginning, means, and end—preparation, advance, and attainment. In the first stage the mind is purged of error; in the second it is illumined; in the third it is perfected in assimilation to the Divine Wisdom. Hence the doctrine of "Exemplarism," in its character as wisdom and in virtue of its supreme light, effects these three things in the mind, by dissipating *errors* opposed to the total order of things, by elucidating *difficulties* in the various orders of the sciences, and by reducing the multiplicity of the sciences into the *unity* of wisdom or the contemplation of supreme Truth, whereby our science is conformed, at least analogically, to the Divine Science. Three vast areas are therefore to be covered: the principal errors opposed to universal order are to be met; the principal questions controverted in every order are to be elucidated; a Christian encyclopædia synthesizing and subordinating all sciences to the Divine Trinity is to be constructed. A great undertaking, surely. And had we not evidences in the two preceding volumes of the author's truly remarkable grasp of essential principles, and his ability to converge into their focal light large ranges of truths, one might well be sceptical of the possibility of the whole enterprise. As it is, even, we fear there may be some reading this account who may determine *a priori* that so cyclopædic a work emanating from one mind must needs be very vague and superficial and undeserving serious examination.

The principal errors opposed to the universal order of things divinely established are atheism, pantheism, transformism, materialism, idealism, rationalism, and exaggerated empiricism and liberalism. The tenets of these systems are gathered up and examined in the light of the teachings of "Exemplarism." To this the first section, the shortest, of the volume is devoted. The second part, the longest, throws the light of the same central synthesis on the various controversies agitated in the schools of Catholic theology and philosophy.

The mind being purged of error, and illumined in respect to the difficulties besetting its progress, is prepared for the complete perfection of science, which consists of assimilation to the universality of the Divine Wisdom, to which universality all the various human

sciences are subordinated. To the systematized exhibition of this subordination the concluding third of the present volume is devoted. The supreme lines of the subordination run thus. All sciences fall under the two divisions—natural and supernatural. The former look to metaphysics as their common centre or principle; that is, to the supreme science which treats of God as the first, efficient, archetypal, and final cause of the whole order of nature. In the Christian synthesis of the sciences, however, the natural are subordinated to the supernatural, to theology, which by the light of revelation confirms the truths of nature, adding to them moreover supernatural truths, especially those which regard the Essence and Trinity of God as the supreme, efficient, archetypal, and final cause, not only of the natural, but also of the supernatural order of grace and glory.

The reader need hardly be reminded here that in the proposed subordination of the sciences the autonomy of the natural sciences within their own spheres is in no wise lessened. The author keeps well in mind the difference between subalternation and subordination. The former subjection would involve dependence, as the inferior sciences would have to take their principles from the higher. In the relation known technically as *subordination* each science derives its principles from its own object-matter, but looks to a higher science for fuller light and explanation. In this way the several departments of special metaphysics, and indeed all the special sciences, are subordinate, though not *subalternate* to ontology; whilst the whole encyclopædia of the natural sciences is subordinate to theology. To the latter science is given the regal place in deference to its object-sphere, its certitude, and its utility. Philosophy takes second place, mathematics coming next, and physics last. Each of these supreme departments of the sciences is divided and subdivided by the author, and the relationship of the manifold members pointed out. The ubiquitous trichotomies which he had shown to exist in the uncreated order, and in the larger ranges of the created order, are here seen to pervade the subdepartments of nature as well, and to exert their influence on the logical relations of the manifold divisions of the sciences. Thus philosophy runs out into metaphysics, logic, and ethics; mathematics into arithmetic, geometry, and mechanics, and if physics does not so patently lend itself in its general departments to this viewpoint, it does so in its subdivisions. Thus the sphere of organic physics falls naturally into biology (embryology, anatomy, morphology—each with triple members), zoölogy (comparative anatomy, physiology, natural history), and botany (organography, vegetable physiology, methodology).

Looking at these clean-cut trinalities everywhere pervading the work, the reader may well be tempted to suspect arbitrariness and artificiality as controlling the author's treatment; nor will the possibilities of the narrowing influences on the mind of the trinal viewpoint be far-fetched. However, before making much of such commonplace objections, it would be well to read the author and to note that throughout his treatment he has these and other such difficulties quite clear in his consciousness and has set himself professedly to answer them in detail in more places than one.

No one who will make a serious study of this volume in connection with the two preceding can, we believe, fail to admire the mastery it shows of vast areas of truth, theological, philosophical, scientific, historical, and literary; as also, the subtlety of insight into the relations of these areas, and the consummate skill with which they are all coördinated and systematized under the light of the supreme idea of the Trinity. The author supposes of course in his reader some fair acquaintance with the various departments of truth here synthesized. The reader who will bring such acquaintance to the study of the work will surely find his mind enlarged and deepened and strengthened, elevated, too, and spiritually edified by breathing the atmosphere of these mountain tops of truth.

In such a cyclopædic work there may, of course, easily be found subjects on which many will disagree with the author's opinion. Thus, for instance, his literal interpretation of the Genesiacal "days" will not, we believe, meet with any wide consentience of Catholic scholars at the present time. Nor do his arguments for that interpretation appear to be conclusive (§ 508). On the other hand, his answers to the objections against the literal interpretation are by no means strong or even pertinent. For instance, whether or not we grant that the modern interpretation (the period-theory) is more "reasonable" than the ancient (the literal), the former cannot be said "physico, metaphysico, et theologico fundamento carere" (§ 519). The physical foundation of the period-theory is laid in natural science and archæology; the metaphysical in valid inferences from what we know of the divine attributes; and the theological in the Scriptural use of the word *iom* as denoting a period of time. We have no intention of entering here on an argument for the period-theory or against the day-theory. We would simply call attention to a portion of the present volume which we consider weak, and which we regret to be given a place in a work that is on the whole profound and scholarly. We might say the same of the arguments adduced for the opinion that the

elementary matter of the heavenly bodies differs essentially from that of our earth (§ 769 ff.); and for the existence of a substantial form in inorganic compounds (§ 784 ff.).

Apart from questions of this kind, we cannot praise the work as a whole too strongly. We believe it to be the most profound and most comprehensive summary of Catholic science that we have, and to be a very successful attempt to construct for the twentieth century what the Angelic Doctor built for the thirteenth—a *Summa Theologica*.

F. P. S.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Benjamin Wisner Bacon, D.D., Prof. of New Testament Exegesis in Yale Divinity School. New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Macmillan & Company. 1900. Pp. 285.

The object of Dr. Bacon's *Introduction* is to establish the authenticity and integrity of the New Testament writings by an appeal to the testimony of tradition and internal evidence. In summoning his evidence, however, he does not follow the precedent established by former experimenters in the science of Biblical criticism. He begins his analysis by pointing out the fallacy of Luther and the early reformers, who, in debating the genuineness, inspiration, and canonicity of certain books, were actuated by a doctrinal rather than an historical interest. He then traces the gradual development of the science of criticism upon historical grounds, which took its beginning with P. Simon, two hundred years ago, and attained a relative perfection with Reuss, who definitely outlined the scope and method of the science.

After these preliminaries Professor Bacon enters upon his actual and independent critique. He finds from the works of the early ecclesiastical writers that a definite agreement as to a complete canon, so far as it ever existed in the early Church, was the result of gradual development arising out of the "living and abiding voice," as Papias would have said, within the Church. This is an important concession, inasmuch as it harmonizes with the Catholic doctrine maintaining the dependence of the Written Word upon the living voice of the Church. Of course, Dr. Bacon interprets the living voice in the manner of the *vox populi—vox Dei*, and thereby eliminates the dogmatic character of the Church as guardian as well as interpreter of the sacred text.

However, the appeal to the testimony of a pre-Scriptural Church is a phase of the subject upon which all Protestant writers must turn,

because there is no alternative but to recognize the infallible living voice in the Church, which means Catholicism with all its logical consequences. What is of special importance, nevertheless, in this examination of the N. T. writings from a Protestant point of view is the conclusion at which Dr. Bacon arrives in his critique. Luther had declared that the Epistles of St. Paul to the Hebrews, of St. James, and St. Jude, and the Apocalypse do not belong to the Bible. The English reformers did not eventually accept this decision, although the Westminster Confession leaves us in some doubt about the precise books which the episcopal body meant to include in the New Testament canon. At all events the English Protestant Bibles contain all the above-mentioned books, and Protestants generally accept them as the inspired word of God. Dr. Bacon finds sufficient evidence in the context and style of some of the New Testament writings to demonstrate conclusively that the judgment of the Protestant reformers was at fault both in their first "German" and later in their "English authorized" definition of the canon. I say *in the context and style*, although he does not neglect the historical circumstances which must aid the higher critic in his judgment. According to this latest analysis, the next revision committee of the King James Bible is likely to omit some of the books now included in the list of its contents. The Second Epistle of St. Peter, which neither Luther, nor Tyndale, nor Miles Coverdale found to be uncanonical, is not only not the work of the Prince of the Apostles, but does not belong to his age even. Dr. Bacon supposes it, in fact, to be a sort of reproduction of the Epistle of St. Jude, with a new heading and an added conclusion. Nor does he allow the Epistle of St. Jude to be a genuine Apostolic composition, but thinks it originated some time during the second century. As to the First Epistle of St. Peter, he believes it authentic; only the writer is not Peter, but Paul. Of course all this is new, and quite in harmony with the privileges accorded by both the higher criticism and the rule of individual judgment, the pivot upon which the Protestant religion turns.

One is constrained to wonder why any of the books of the Bible should be held to be inspired or to be authentic, if they can be whipped away in this fashion upon private authority. It surely requires more faith to see consistency in such a system than to admit that if God gives to man a written expression of His will, He will also supply a *uniform* and somewhat consistent means of interpreting that will. That uniformity is surely lacking in the proposed method of Protestant scholars, who simply waste their erudition upon a piece of

sophistry, since the conclusion at which they arrive makes it a matter of perfect indifference whether God expressed His Divine will in a written instrument or not, so long as that instrument admits of elimination and contrary interpretations without measure.

SAINT JEAN-BAPTISTE DE LA SALLE. 1651–1719. Par A. Delaire, Sécretaire Général de la Société d'Economie Sociale. Paris: Victor Lecoffre. 1900. Pp. 211.

M. Delaire contributes a concise history of St. John Baptist de la Salle to the already favorably known series of "Les Saints," under the editorial supervision of M. Henri Joly. We see the devout and learned young priest in the midst of contending social elements, ploughing, so to say, his way at the behest of the divine inspiration into a new and sadly neglected field of popular education. Soon the seed is carried into every land under the sun, producing health-giving fruit and comfort to the masses whose happiness here and hereafter depends on the training of their youth. The secret of it all is a well-instructed zeal directed by faith and fostered by sacrifice.

St. John died at Rouen, at the age of sixty-eight years. From the beginning of his life as a priest and laureate of theology he had had every prospect and every temporal inducement to advance in the ecclesiastical ranks. He voluntarily laid down all such hopes. At thirty-three years of age he distributed all his possessions to the poor, that he might more freely give over his life to the task which now absorbed his energies. It seemed almost imprudent to strip himself of all means, which in some way might have helped on the work of his Institute; but he reasoned differently and well understood that the liberty of spirit which personally sets aside wealth and honor is the very essential which controls wealth and honor for the promotion of good. Thus his influence brought others to devote their wealth and power, which he himself disdained to use, to the accomplishment of the great end he had at heart.

Our author draws his material largely from the elaborate history of the life and times of St. John Baptist de la Salle which was published a short time ago by M. Guibert, Superior of the seminary attached to the Catholic Institute of Paris. The sources at the command of the modern biographer are quite considerable. There is a Life by Brother Bernard, a contemporary of the saint, and who had a large number of letters and documents at his disposal, many of which may be found in a collection (two volumes) edited by Brother Lucard, Director of the Normal School at Rouen. Another biography of value

is that by the Benedictine Father, Elias Maillefer, a nephew of the saint. This was likewise written shortly after the great founder's death. A third Life, written by one who knew the saint intimately, Canon Blain, was published first in 1733, and has, in various subsequent editions, become the pattern of later biographies and memoranda of the saint. Much original matter, partly utilized by Father Guibert in his *Histoire*, and by the author of the present work as well, remains still undeveloped in the archives of the mother-house and at S. Sulpice, in Paris, of which institution St. John was a pupil and devoted alumnus to the end of his life. There is also abundance of material in the national archives of Rheims, Rouen, and other cities where the Brothers of the Christian Schools conducted institutions under the protection of the French Government.

Manifestly it was impracticable to utilize, for a popular work like the present, all the wealth of information which is here outlined as being at the hand of the diligent historian; but M. Delaire has done his work none the less thoroughly on that account. He gives not only an excellent summary of the important incidents and salient features of the holy founder's career, but with characteristic realization of the present and future needs of society, he points out the application of the saint's principles under difficult social circumstances, such as encompass the activity of the Brothers amid the reactionary tendencies of our own day. Unconsciously the author suggests in his analysis of the saint's activity that a more general knowledge of the principal writings of John Baptist de la Salle, especially those that treat of the management of schools, Christian conduct, and the like, would do much service in the field of pedagogy.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. BENEDICT, Patriarch of the Monks of the West. Abridged and arranged by O. S. B., from the German of the Very Rev. P. Peter Lechner, Prior Bened. Abbey Scheyern, Bavaria. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers. 1900. Pp. 286.

The Benedictine menology notes a peculiar feast celebrated in the order on December 11th, and called *dies Jubili*. It was instituted as an act of thanksgiving, "exaltationis et cantus," for the blessing of the saint's coming on earth, and corresponds to the feast of the Annunciation. Well might all the world be grateful for the mission of St. Benedict, since the light he kindled in Subiaco fifteen hundred years ago has spread abroad with such effulgence of sanctity and learning that it still bids fair to enlighten generations to come in the ways of all truth.

St. Gregory the Great, to whom we owe most of the details of the saint's life, has summed up the characteristic traits of that influential soul in two words, "*habitavit secum*—he lived within himself," that is to say, he led an interior life. The heat that grew out of that interior activity became the power of attraction for thousands of choice minds and hearts, and these, in turn, fired by the spark of the saint's love, went forth to inflame others by their zeal. Thus came into existence, not merely the assembly of monks, whose mother-house and proud pattern was the Abbey of Monte Cassino, but also the branch orders known under the name of Camaldoli, Citeaux, Celestines, the Monks of Fiore, of Feuillants, of Fontevrauld, of the Humiliati—secularized in 1571, of Monte Olivetano, of Monte Vergine, of Pulsano, the Silvestrines, the Monks of Vallombrosa, afterwards united with the Silvestrines; these and numerous military orders, such as the Knights of St. John, of St. George, the Templars, and the innumerable congregations which, in the course of a thousand years, adopted the Rule of St. Benedict in the contemplative or active orders, bear witness to the fervor kindled by the saint in his lonely cell.

Such a life is worthy our study. "To all thoughtful and cultured minds of our own country, as well as of other nations, there are many lessons to learn from the Benedictine Rule—and the Benedictine influence," writes Bishop Hedley, in his instructive preface to the translation of our saint's biography by Abbot Tosti, published a few years ago. That Life presents rather an historical study or discourse written with the critic's judicious sense. Tosti carefully reviews the narrative of St. Gregory, who, although he wrote many years after St. Benedict's death, may yet be regarded as a contemporary historian, since he derived his material from intercourse with the disciples of the saint and his immediate successors in the government of the order. Other material, illustrative of the saint's career, is derived from the biographies of St. Maurus by Faustus, of St. Placid by Gordianus, though these show by various anachronisms that they have been, as Mabillon points out, either interpolated or written by over-credulous admirers of the saint.

If we say that the present historical biography was originally written forty years earlier than that of Abbot Tosti, our readers will understand that it makes no pretence to being a critical history of the "Life and Times of St. Benedict." It is of the popular kind, well written, by a spiritual-minded son of St. Benedict, for edification. And the same purpose has evidently animated the English translator, a daughter of St. Benedict, alike gifted as the late Father Lechner, with a power

of literary expression and a delicate appreciation of the science of the saints. Such is the description of the early years of the saint, of his life at Subiaco and at Monte Cassino, and of the charming influence he exercised upon those around him. Of the legendary element the author makes the traditional use, and it would be unfair to say that there is anything challenging the sceptical sense of those who admit that God is "wonderful in His saints." We notice that the name of the father of St. Benedict is here given as Eutropius, which sounds right enough; but—

> Vir dictus bene, nomine, re, Benedictus
> Claruit ex genere, at virtutum nobilitate
> Clarior: ortus avo illustri, cui Justinianus
> Nomen erat; patria ejus Nursia gaudet haberi;
> Euproprii haec ditio patris. Abundantia mater
> Dicta est, e qua et nata gemella Scholastica sancta.

DEATH JEWELS. By Percy Fitzgerald. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers. 1900. Pp. 97.

Such a gathering of precious bits of wisdom, in the practical form of brief chapters, easily read from a small volume, is worth a dozen loquacious treatises in as many volumes, proposing to teach the science of the eternal truths. The author has given us in previously published booklets "Jewels" from the altar, eucharistic treasures that purchase life eternal. Here he presents us with a chaplet of purple amethysts, from which gleams forth the light that illustrates the art of dying rightly. As we are all to do it, it is worth the learning how to do it in the best and most secure fashion. Pictures of deathbeds, the last words and sentiments of the great, truly so or thus reputed, sterling truths or mistaken feelings that make or mar a happy death, may be found in Mr. Fitzgerald's collection. We should have suggested its use to priests for the November devotions had the volume reached us a month earlier; but its worth is for all seasons, just as it is for eternal profit.

OXFORD CONFERENCES. Hilary Term, 1900. By Fr. Raphael M. Moss, O.P., Lector in S. Theology. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1900. Pp. 146.

We spoke in these pages favorably of a former series of Conferences on the subject of grace by Fr. Moss, who follows Fr. Joseph Rickaby in his addresses to the students of Oxford and Cambridge during two previous terms. In the present series the Dominican

author takes up the life of grace. He presents faith, prayer, confession, the Mass, purgatory, as aids to that life; and hell and heaven as the failure and triumph respectively of grace. There is much instruction in these lectures, but they are just a trifle polemical. The mention, repeatedly, of "our opponents" seems out of harmony with instructions of this kind. No doubt the speaker's manner would prevent the irritation which is apt to flow from such a form when we meet it in the printed page. But it makes the lectures appear less pleasing in type than the former Conferences.

THINKING AND LEARNING TO THINK. By Nathan C. Schaeffer, Ph.D., LL.D., Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1900. Pp. 351.

Dr. Schaeffer brings to his subject a full understanding of its theory, a high appreciation of its importance, and a ripened experience in its practical aspects and bearings. He has written a book, not of the average pedagogical matter and structure, not a treatise on "psychology applied to education," or on "culture of the spinal cord and reflexes;" but a sane, solid series of essays on that most important process and end of education, *thinking*. The meaning of this highest activity of the mind, and the methods by which the teacher may best lead the pupil in its development, are very clearly exhibited. The style is bright, stimulating, and suggestive. Above all, a Christian spirit and tone pervade the work. With the author "higher than the life of thought is the life of faith and hope and love—higher because they are rooted and grounded in the life of thought, ripen above it as its highest fruitage and efflorescence" (p. 349). It is a satisfaction to find a work on education written by a non-Catholic author, that one can so safely recommend to our teachers and to others interested in its subject.

LES CATACOMBES ROMAINES. Par Horace Marucchi. Paris et Rome: Desclée, Lefebvre et Cie. 1900. Pp. 449.

This volume forms part II of a series on elementary archæology undertaken by Professor Marucchi, the well-known Roman archæologist. Part I, *Notions Générales*, of which we spoke in these pages (July, 1900, pp. 100–103), was published last year. Part III, *Les Basiliques*, which will complete the set, is preparing.

A short general introduction to the study of the tombs of the martyrs, drawn for the most part from matter already published in

Part I, renders the present volume independent of the first. The book is an itinerary of the catacombs, written in a serious and critical spirit, and summing up with excellent judgment and method the latest results of the scientific study of subterranean Christian Rome. The cemeteries on either side of the Tiber are examined in turn, according to their location on the old Roman roads. The neighboring catacombs and Christian monumental remains of Albano, Ostia, and Porto are then studied. Each of the cemeteries is described, one by one; the best-known tombs in each, and the different historical memorials, including the chief or characteristic inscriptions and artistic decorations associated with the martyrs, are carefully indicated. Excellent plans and illustrations are scattered profusely throughout the text.

The volume brings the general literature of the catacombs up to date, and thus forms a valuable addition to the published works of De Rossi, Northcote and Brownlow, and others of less pretentious character. J. B.

CATHOLIC CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS. Dayton, Ohio: Philip A. Kemper. 1900-1901.

The numerous assorted collections of cards and pictures published by Philip A. Kemper, several of which have been sent us for approval, deserve the special attention of the clergy. They include a large variety of cribs and Christmas scenes, Holy Family pictures, spiritual bouquet cards suitable for name's-days and birthdays, Eucharistic and mourning emblems. These pictures are not only tastefully printed, but also—and it is of equal importance—they are thoroughly Catholic in design and tone, and worthy to supersede the trashy, though probably cheap, caricatures of saints and sacred scenes manufactured by a less scrupulous and non-Catholic trade, yet exclusively for the Catholic market.

Recent Popular Books.[1]

A 439: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PIANO. $1.50.

The best part of this volume is the signatures of its twenty-five musician authors, who successively took up its history and wrote for the benefit of Tommy Atkins. It is curious, but disjointed.

AFTERGLOW: Julia C. R. Dorr. $1.25.

The poems in this volume are of the old school, in which thought and not rhyme and rhythm are the author's chief concern, ability to obtain perfection in formal detail being regarded as a prerequisite of writing at all. Some of the verses are religious, and those addressed to Our Lady are extraordinary to come from a Protestant pen.

AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY, 1787–1899: Edmund Clarence Stedman. $3.00.

About 900 pages compose this volume, which contains the verse of not only Americans, but also of foreigners who have written verse while living in this country. The table of contents arranges each author's verse under his name in periods. A series of biographical notes is added, and also an index of first lines and an index of poets. An introduction reviews the average product of the century, even to the Spanish war verse, and takes a hopeful view of the future in spite of the present dearth of poets.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Cambridge Edition.

Not only all the verses ordinarily printed as Mrs. Browning's are here collected, but also "The Battle of Marathon," written at the age of thirteen years, and "An Essay on Mind," written seven years later, and "Some Account of the Greek Christian Poets," first given to the public in the London Athenæum. A brief but discreet and tasteful biography by Miss Harriet Waters Preston, Mrs. Browning's own notes, and others added by the editor, Mr. Horace E. Scudder, with indexes, also find place in the volume.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS OF COLONIAL DAYS: Geraldine Brooks.

Ten women, all English except Mme. La Tour, seven of them becoming Americans as soon as events made it possible, are vividly sketched, partly in well-imagined scenes, partly in narrative strictly adhering to truth. They are Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Adams, Sarah Wister, and Deborah Norris, Mrs. Pinckney, Mrs. Hutchinson, Margaret Brent, and Sarah Knight, Franklin's teacher. The author does not attempt literary elegance, but is always clear.

EAGLE'S HEART: Hamlin Garland. $1.50.

The unruly, ill-tempered, almost savage son of a minister, whose own temper is so ill-controlled that he more than once nearly kills the boy, is sent to jail for murderous assault. When discharged he goes West and becomes an unrivalled shot, horse-breaker and cattle-driver, falls in love and allows a girl to tame him. The narrative lacks ease, but the account of a competition in horse-breaking and cowboy tactics is excellent.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS: J. B. Pond.

Anecdotes of persons to whom the author has acted as agent; pleasantly written from shrewd observation.

ELEANOR: Mrs. Humphry Ward. $1.50.

Going to Italy in pettish mood on account of temporary inability to carry his point in politics, the hero devotes himself to writing a book on the Italian question, sympathizing with the Church, and is assisted by his cousin, who loves him, he being self-absorbed and blind to her feeling. The book refuses to be written, and in his disappointment he finds that he really loves his cousin's American guest, upon whom she has heaped kindness. Yielding to an appeal to her generosity, the girl conceals herself from him, but is found, wooed, and won, the cousin changing her tactics, sacrificing herself and aiding the wooer. The beneficent change is wrought by a priest suspended from his office by his ecclesiastical superiors, but declared to be wonderfully exalted in piety. The alleged iniquity of the aforesaid superiors is described with shuddering horror worthy of a Spurgeon or a Moody, and with such vagueness that defence is impossible, and the effect upon callow readers inevitably hurtful. If these descriptions occurred only in the speeches of the characters, they could be excused as part of the plot, but they are also found in the narrative, and it is very slight compensation for them that some gracious sentimentalism in regard to the Pope and St. Peter's figures elsewhere.

[1] This department is designed to furnish the Reverend Clergy with brief critical notices of the publications of the month likely to gain considerable circulation. Each book is judged from the moral and Catholic point of view, so far as that is necessary to warn the reader of any noxious tendency or of the usefulness of any newly published book.

The prices given are those for which the books will be sent by the publisher postpaid. The best booksellers in large cities grant a discount of twenty-five per cent. except on choice books, but the buyer pays express charges.

FREDERIC, LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.: Ernest Rhys. $3.00.

About fourscore reproductions of Lord Leighton's best-known pictures, including his finest portrait of himself, are described and criticised. The biography is carefully written, and the pictures are well chosen.

FRIEND OR FOE: Frank Samuel Child. $1.50.

During the war of 1812 an American secret agent, sent to sound the feeling of New England and an English merchant doing business in the United States, his trade checked by the war, meet at the Law School in Litchfield, Conn., and, although neither knows the real character of the other, they become friends and make common cause against a Southwestern man who plays villain in the story. Burr is a distant kinsman of many of the personages, and appears now and then. The book faithfully reflects the turbulence of the time.

GREAT BATTLES OF THE WORLD: Stephen Crane. $1.50.

Bunker Hill, Vittoria, Pavia, Leipsic, Badajoz, Lutzen, New Orleans, and Solferino are the battles. The book has been published since Mr. Crane's death, and seems to be composed chiefly of first drafts that have not been subjected to the process of being cut into detached bits like the substance of his early books. As the literary studies of an author who divined the events of a battle without having seen one, the volume is deeply interesting, but to the ordinary reader it has but slight value.

HEAD OF A HUNDRED: Maud Wilder Goodwin. $1.50.

A decorated cover, a colored frontispiece, and six other good pictures with new type and fine paper make a holiday edition of the earliest of all that large group of Virginian novels in which the well-born heroine, wishing to escape a distasteful marriage, comes to the colony in the ship with the girls sent out to be wives to the colonists. Lively fights with the Indians hardly disturb the current of her love story, for she finds that the hero, her sworn knight in their childhood, still adores her.

HEART OF THE ANCIENT WOOD: Charles G. D. Roberts. $1.50.

The heroine, reared in the forest, is protected by a good-natured black bear, and as she grows, becomes the friend of all the beasts, not talking with them or doing anything not quite simple and natural. She and her mother are vegetarians, but a young lumberman saves her mother's life by making her eat venison while in a feeble state; she herself is reconciled to the killing of a lynx who has attacked a deer, and in the end marries and leaves her forest home. The story is perfectly probable in every incident, the heroine's dread of killing her friends is natural, not a sentimental affectation, and the book is in every way excellent and written with exquisite care.

HOUSE BEHIND THE CEDARS: Charles W. Chesnutt. $1.50.

An octoroon girl passing for white is betrothed to a white man who instantly leaves her when he discovers what she is. Unfitted for life among negroes and unable to make a place for herself anywhere, she dies from misadventure just as her recreant lover discovers that he prefers her to all the world besides.

HOUSE OF EGREMONT: Molly Elliot Sewall. $1.50.

A brilliant story of the early years of James Stuart's life at St. Germains, preceded by the biography of Roger Egremont of Egremont, who forfeited his estates by flinging a platter of beans in the face of the Prince of Orange by way of rejoinder to the removal of his hat on the tip of the Prince's sword. During his consequent sojourn in Newgate, he educates himself in books, and at St. Germains wins the hearts of the loveliest of its young ladies and the wittiest of their elders. He becomes the intimate friend of Berwick, beholds the slow death of James's personal hopes and the formation of the Irish brigade, and at last comes to his own again. His cousin, a devoted Stuart partisan and one of the Jesuit martyrs, and a beautiful girl of the people, honest and honorable, are new characters in American fiction. This is one of the best Stuart novels, perfectly moral, and written by a Catholic.

IAN HAMILTON'S MARCH: Winston Spencer Churchill. $1.50.

The letters of a correspondent with previous experience as an officer, a novelist, a military historian, and a journalist, describing his imprisonment in Pretoria, his escape, and his further adventures. Mr. Steevens being dead, and Mr. Davis mysteriously converted into a Boer partisan, Mr. Churchill has no equal among the South African correspondents.

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING: F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.

The "palace" belongs to Philip Second of Spain, and that devout formal Catholic but most unpleasant man is the villain of the story, and Don John of Austria the hero. The action occupies but a few hours, and ends with Don John's marriage, the ceremony performed with no preliminaries whatsoever. The whole story is planned and written in the old-fashioned, dignified way, all the characters being fast bound by stately court ceremonial, and being either noble in goodness or strong in wickedness. It is easy to foretell that the marriage scene will be attacked as impossible, but setting that aside, the tale is excellent, and the historical personages are vivid and highly picturesque.

JUDGMENT OF PETER AND PAUL ON OLYMPUS: Henryk Sienkiewicz. 75 cents.

A holiday edition of two short stories, printed in violet, with green page borders, two full page pictures, and a pretty cover.

The first story is fanciful rather than pious; the second takes its theme from Hindu mythology.

LAST REFUGE: Henry B. Fuller. $1.50.

A love story blended with fantasy in a manner of which the author holds the secret in this generation. The hero, a German, goes to Italy endeavoring to remove a vague sense of loss, searches through the whole peninsula, crosses into Sicily and in sight of Syracuse gives up the search forever, sending to the town, which he feels is the "last refuge" of happiness, the woman whom during his journey he has met and loved and her Italian lover. The other characters, all travelling acquaintances, agree that the search for happiness will be useless. The novel is entirely unlike its author's Chicago stories.

LITERARY FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES: William Dean Howells. $2.50.

The author, first as a promising young writer, afterwards as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, later as professed altruist, has known most of the literary men of the last forty years, and gives his views of them with some anecdotes. He mildly patronizes all of them, and is sometimes amazing in his condescension. The book will prejudice a young American against the American authors.

LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE: Henry James. $3.00.

This is a holiday edition, mated, sixteen years after its first publication, with about seventy excellent pictures by Mr. Joseph E. Pinnell. The tour is through southern France, the pictures are of cathedrals and ancient houses. The style is perfect, but nearly all the cathedrals are taken in the Peter Bell spirit of the Protestant, although justly appreciated artistically.

MANTLE OF ELIJAH: I. Zangwill. $1.50.

The heroine, daughter to the heir to an earldom sitting in Parliament as champion of the people and opponent of war, admires a coarse, artful, hypocritical, and uneducated politician, chiefly because he professes her father's principles, and when, in the course of nature, her father is forced into the Upper House, she marries his imitator, who has meanwhile virtually killed his wife by making her receive his guests when she is dangerously ill. A few years suffice to reveal the husband to the wife, and after she has vainly endeavored to bring about a separation, she meets an Israelitish and pessimistic man of letters and loves him. He goes away, after a scene in which chance brings about a few minutes of plain speech among the three, and she sends for her aunt, a duchess, to take her from her home during a reception which her husband regards as the crowning glory of his life. The time is a generation ago, but the politics are those of to-day, and the chief issue between husband and wife is the Novabarbese war, which he fosters after promising her to end it. The author gives many characters a half likeness to real men and women, but the brutal husband is the strongest figure in the book. The Israelite's conversation is unintentionally funny, although elaborately arranged in tragic form, but its fallacies might deceive a young reader. There is an enormous company of well-described minor personages.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF COVENTRY PATMORE: Basil Champneys. 2 vols.

These are literary reminiscences of more than forty of the most memorable Victorian years, given partly as narrative, partly in letters, and to a small extent in autobiography. The poet's second wife was the lady whom rumor destined to succeed Mrs. Manning had not Manning entered the Catholic priesthood, and both she and Patmore became Catholics. He was delightfully conceited; his opinions of his betters are amusing in the extreme, and naturally he made a few improvements on the creed as he found it; but he wrote good letters and received better ones, and the book is full of interest.

MY WINTER GARDEN: Maurice Thompson. $1.50.

Papers describing the sylvan beauties of Florida and the pleasures of archery. Birds are Mr. Thompson's chief subject, but he finds pleasure in all sylvan loveliness. Two literary articles, one on Montaigne and one on Theocritus, form part of the book, and all are written with care and grace.

OLD FIRES AND PROFITABLE GHOSTS: Q. (Arthur Quiller Couch). $1.50.

Fifteen stories, one of a dream in which a ghost leads the hero to a solution of the mystery of sorrow; one a strange version of the tale of the Wandering Jew; one a fancy as to the fate of the child whom Elisha's prayers and foresight thrice restored to his mother; two of strange, unearthly women rescued from the sea; and nearly all having the common trait of dealing with a soul or a feeling awakened from quiescence. They are written with unaffected elegance.

OLD LANDMARKS AND HISTORICAL PERSONAGES OF BOSTON: Samuel Adams Drake. $2.50.

The author is admitted to be the highest authority on his subject, and the volume has a hundred illustrations, some representing strange old buildings, some taken from ancient plates very curious in themselves. This is a new edition, rewritten and adapted to the changes made in twenty-eight years.

PATH AND GOAL: Ada Cambridge. $1.00.

The history of a young physician who falls in love with the daughter of his landlady, but thinking her too forward, breaks

off all relations with her. He then becomes interested in an illegitimate child whom he adopts, rears carefully, and in the end successfully marries off, after which the landlady's daughter reappears, and he marries her. The child episode is literally sandwiched between the two halves of the love tale, being entirely unconnected with it.

PECCAVI: E. W. Hornung. $1.50.

An English High Church rector, a confessed sinner, despised by all his little world, endeavors, solitary and alone, to rebuild his church, burned by the grandfather of his illegitimate child. He endures frightful hardship in his solitude, but at last his evident repentance and his courage cause the squire, up to that time his enemy, to relent, and with his help the building is finished and furnished, whereupon his enemy burns it again on the eve of the day set for its consecration. The author writes with much more art than he has ever shown in any former novel, and the rector, the squire, the bishop, and the avenger are made very real. The girl, who understands the rector and loves him even while perceiving the impossibility of marriage between them, is hardly necessary in the story, but the men are excellent. The book is not meant for immature readers, but it is as good a study of virile revenge as has been written since "The Scarlet Letter."

PENELOPE'S EXPERIENCES: Kate Douglas Wiggin. 2 vols. $4.00.

This holiday edition of Penelope's "English Experiences" and "Scottish Experiences" has 108 pictures by Mr. Charles E. Brock. It is a highly humorous account of the adventures of three American women visiting Great Britain, and is entirely free from any ill-nature, although every page has a joke at the Briton's expense.

PILGRIM SHORE: Edmund H. Garrett. $2.00.

Beginning with Dorchester, now a part of Boston, the author describes and pictures the towns encountered on the coast road to Plymouth, telling their Colonial and Revolutionary legends and showing their ancient dwellings. There are about seventy-five pictures of various sizes, exquisitely drawn, a rubricated title page, and a cover with Mayflower and scallop shell decoration.

POWER THROUGH REPOSE: Annie Payson Call. $1.00.

This is a new and enlarged edition of a work expounding the method of exercise known as "relaxing," a corrective of excessive muscular and nervous tension. Excellent for teachers.

PRODIGAL: Mary Hallock Foote. $1.50.

The prodigal is an Aucklander who returns to the proprieties in San Francisco. The story is written in its author's accustomed masculine fashion, and is very good excepting an entirely unnecessary fling at the custom of charging a fee for a grave, and this occupies but three lines.

QUEEN VERSUS BILLY: Lloyd Osbourne. $1.50.

Nine stories of the Pacific Isles, very well told, but by no means painting the morality of the region any whiter than the truth. Some are amusing, but almost all are tragic; two are tales of missionaries, one who died for his friend, and one who, worn out with solitary toil, sinned deeply in trying to save his people from sin. As Stevenson's stepson and assistant, the author holds a brief for the Samoans.

QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER: Charles Felton Pidgin. $1.50.

The hero does not always live up to his baptismal name, which he inherits from two excellent New England families; but such as he is, he seeks a New England rustic village, and arouses intense jealousy among the swains, and wins more girls' hearts than he cares to win. In the end he privately marries the cleverest and prettiest girl of all, and after some weeks presents her to his astonished family, who know her only as the most successful novelist of the moment. One of the young women who loved in vain is proved to be the long-lost daughter of a baronet and marries an earl. The humbler village folk are excellently described. All the alleged Quincys are absurd, and the hero's father, described as a great constitutional lawyer, is farcical. Two or three pages developing a scheme for marriages, giving liberty to renew or break the vows at the end of five years, make the book dangerous for the foolish; for although the plan is evolved by a man eccentric in every way, such beings will fancy that the author favors it.

RICHARD, YEA AND NAY: Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.

Cœur de Lion and a woman whom he secretly wedded, giving her the title of Countess of Anjou, are the chief characters. The story is written with art that not only does not conceal itself, but loudly challenges attention by its eccentricities, and both Richard and Jehane are much too frank for good taste. The insidious mischief wrought by such a blending of literary foppery and unclean thought is incalculable.

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM: Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. $2.00.

The fifth edition of the Fitzgerald translation with the variant lines in the other edition; Mr. E. H. Whenfield's metrical version; and Mr. Justin H. McCarthy's prose rendering; poems on Omar by Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. McCarthy, and Miss Blind are included in this volume, together with a bibliography. The poet, a Persian who may possibly have been a Sufi, certainly wrote as a materialist, and is not rashly to be given to the impressible and light-minded.

RULERS OF THE SOUTH: SICILY, CALABRIA, AND MALTA: F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. $6.00.

Novelists make the most agreeable of historians, and Mr. Crawford relates his

true tales with enjoyment as keen as if he had devised their plots himself. Each volume contains more than fifty pictures, about one-third being excellent photogravures. The book is meant as a companion for "Ave Roma Immortalis."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: Estelle M. Hurll. 75 cents.

Sixteen pictures, portraits of men, allegorical paintings, and many of the best-known portraits of women and children are here brought together for use in class or for private reference. The enormous industry of the man and his noble character are indicated in the text, but it is chiefly given up to criticism and analysis of the artist's work. Children interested in pictures will find much that is useful to them, both in the text and in the illustrations.

SPANISH HIGHWAYS AND BY-WAYS: Katharine Lee Bates. $2.25.

Letters written to a New York paper during a leisurely journey and exceedingly agreeable except when the author happens to see the Church in any aspect not purely picturesque; then, evidently from pure ignorance, she becomes unsympathetic.

VISITING THE SIN: Emma Rayner. $1.50.

This is a noble romance, tracing the workings of cherished hatred and showing its invariably evil results. The scene is the Cumberland Mountain region, the time about twenty years ago, and all the characters are mountain folk. Their utter lawlessness, and the deference which they exact from all visitors for their customs make them quite as romantic as any Scottish Highlander. The plot is woven of many threads, and the story ends logically, not happily.

WESTWARD HO! Charles Kingsley. 2 vols. $4.00.

A handsome new edition of an Elizabethan story of voyage and exploration and struggle for the Spanish main. The author is superficially genial and joyous, but is wonderfully narrow in his sectarianism, rages at the very echo of the words "Catholic" and "Spanish," and becomes violent at the thought of the Inquisition, which he seems to think combines the qualities of Cormoran and Blunderbore.

WHITE GUARD TO SATAN: Alice Maud Ewell. $1.25.

The mysterious death of the leader of Bacon's Rebellion in 1676 is the crowning incident of this book, which is a fragment of history skilfully enlarged by the use of fictitious family chronicles. The heroine is Bacon's cousin and the scene is the house of his kinsman and namesake. The style of the century is very successfully imitated, and the historical characters are excellently presented.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, POET, DRAMATIST, AND MAN: Hamilton W. Mabie. $6.00.

A volume flawless in externals, with its sumptuousness triply protected, but internally written down to the level of an abnormally dull reader, and saturated with egotism. To be seen in the attitude of studying Shakespeare rather than to enlighten Shakespeare's readers and lovers, seems to be the writer's object. His preface opens with the statement that his book has been four years in preparation. Four years to re-create Shakespeare and his time from the vast mass of history and criticism!

Juvenile.

ADVENTURES OF JOEL PEPPER: Margaret Sydney. $1.50.

Joel is the worst-behaved in a family of five poor children, and as a rule, contrives to be half killed daily, and to recuperate in time for the morrow's accident. He and his brothers and sisters suffer profoundly whenever they hear of corporal punishment. The story blends very bad English, filial piety, unnatural childishness, and doubtful humor with rather cheap sentiment, and consequently sells.

ARMED-SHIP AMERICA: James Otis.

The experience of two boys on a privateer in the war of 1812. Fairly written, and useful in explaining the difference between a privateer and a Government vessel; eight pictures. [Ten to twelve.]

BATTLING FOR ATLANTA: Byron A. Dunn. $1.25.

The hero, Thomas's chief of scouts, is taken prisoner and sent to Andersonville, escapes and does good service, up to the date of Altoona. History is not distorted. [Ten to fifteen.]

BOO-BOO STORIES: Gertrude Smith. $1.00.

The little Boo-boo is a most exasperating infant who repeats the speeches made by the big Boo-boo, his father, and lest they should not be sufficiently impressed on the reader, the author often reiterates them. A really agreeable and promising child may easily be transformed into a giggling chatterer by reading the book or by hearing it read.

BOOK OF SAINTS AND FRIENDLY BEASTS: Abbie Farwell Brown. $1.00.

Some score of tales of animals that have been the companions and friends of saints are collected in a little book printed in antique type and having a cover of mediæval aspect. The stories selected are told in quaint, simple English, and the saints represent many countries. [Six years and upward.]

BOSTON BOYS OF 1775: James Otis.

The two heroes are spies during the siege of Boston and narrowly escape the fate of

spies. Moderately well written and well illustrated by seventeen pictures. [Ten to twelve.]

BRENDA: HER SCHOOL AND HER CLUB: Helen Leah Reed. $1.50.

A Boston private school, the homes of two or three of the pupils, and the Italian quarter are the scenes through which move the heroine, a spoiled child, her excellent cousin, two good and one ill-bred schoolmate. The book accurately reflects private school life, and the heroine's unhappiness is shown to arise from wilfulness. [Twelve to fifteen.]

BRETHREN OF THE COAST: Kirk Munroe. $1.25.

The pirates in this story are not attractive; the boy hero is not incredibly brave; the style is generally good; the plot is not entirely commonplace, and the pictures are Mr. Zogbaum's. It is as good as a pirate story can be, unless produced by a genius.

CHRISTMAS ANGEL: Katharine Pyle. $1.50.

Animated toys of all sorts, even the woolly trees having speech and motion, and dolls of very malicious intelligence are seen by a small girl after a slight concussion of the brain. The "angel" is the one seen at the top of the Christmas tree and is neither moral nor Christian.

DORIS AND HER DOG RODNEY: Lily F. Wesselhoeft. $1.50.

A prettily illustrated story of an ill-bred child, who is allowed to defy her governess and permitted to live in her aunt's family because she does not approve of her father's second marriage. She is possible enough, but not a profitable companion.

DREAM FOX STORY BOOK: Mabel Osgood Wright. $1.50.

Very cleverly devised and expressive pictures by Mr. Oliver Herford accompany a series of stories of nightmares endured by the unfortunate hero, after eating cocoanut candy. He is transformed into a cat, a parrot, and a camera, and meets talking animals, none of them well imagined. [Six to ten.]

EDNAH AND HER BROTHERS: Eliza Orne White. $1.00.

The children of a sculptor and a painter, living sometimes in the country, sometimes in the city, and always having admission to the studios of their parents, enjoy themselves in many quaint ways, such as trying to make wine of the one profitable crop on their father's farm. The story is simple, but not silly, and has pleasant pictures and a pretty cover.

FOR HIS COUNTRY: Marshall Saunders. 50 cents.

A sentimental tale of a precocious patriot whose homesickness hastened his early death in a foreign land, to which his mother had taken him to improve his accent. The story virtually calls upon the reader to blame the mother.

FOR THE LIBERTY OF TEXAS: Ralph Bonehill. $1.25.

The defence of the Alamo is the crowning incident of this story, which is rather unfair to the Mexicans. Its temper belongs to 1850 rather than to 1900. [Ten to twelve.]

FORTUNE'S BOATS: Barbara Yechton. $1.50.

Five talkative and industrious sisters, each with a profession or a craft, live with their mother in a lofty flat, and make their way towards prosperity. Their talk includes many subjects and anecdotes interesting to all young readers. [Twelve to eighteen.]

GEORGIAN BUNGALOW: Francis Courtenay Baylor. $1.00.

An English family living on a Georgian plantation introduce their German governess to the local customs, and she indulges in some picturesque English. A fine shipwreck story contrasts with the genuine fun of the book, which is excellently written, and teaches common sense and good manners.

GOLLIWOGG'S POLAR ADVENTURES: Bertha Upton. $2.00.

Furs and other polar apparatus somewhat disguise the shock-headed Golliwogg and the Dutch dolls, who are the personages in this book, but otherwise they are, as they always have been, grotesque and amusing to children not sensitive to beauty. The Golliwogg might even frighten a timid little girl.

GREY FAIRY BOOK: Edited by Andrew Lang. $2.00.

The stories in this volume are taken from many sources, from Greece to Guinea, rewritten as in the "Red" and "Blue" volumes, and illustrated with full page plates and small pictures in the text. [Eight years and upwards.]

HIDDEN SERVANTS: Francesca Alexander. $1.50.

Twelve Italian legends of saints, hermits, and nuns, transformed into simple verse by an author in full sympathy with their unaffected piety. The volume is printed in a style suggestive of the Morris Press, but not imitating it. Miss Alexander was the intimate friend of Ruskin, and her "The Story of Ida" was highly commended by Cardinal Manning. She is now unable to make pictures with her brush and pen, and makes her rimed translations mentally, writing out a few words at a time. [Eight years and upwards.]

IN THE IRISH BRIGADE: G. A. Henty. $1.50.

O'Brien's is the hero's regiment, and consequently his service is full of adventure. The preface gives a brief history of the brigade's doings and a good account of the reasons for its formation.

JACK OF ALL TRADES: Daniel C. Beard. $2.00.

Building aviaries and tree-houses, making a toboggan slide, a switchback, and also a fish-pond in the back yard, are some of the tasks proposed to "Jack." Among the indoor games are two circuses and a Wild West Show, and very few of the games proposed can be played by any but rich boys. [Twelve to sixteen.]

LITTLE AMERICAN GIRL IN INDIA: Harriet A. Cheever. $1.50.

Whether by accident or by design, Miss Cheever describes many things not mentioned in Mr. Kipling's stories for children, as Parsee worship, serpent charming, and processions in Bombay. In the latter half of the book the heroine is taken to her own country, and is taught patriotism and what might be called international charity. [Eight to fourteen.]

LITTLE PURITAN'S FIRST CHRISTMAS: Edith Robinson. 50 cents.

Judge Sewall's diary furnishes nearly all the material for this story, of which his little daughter is heroine. It very well sets forth the Puritan horror of "keeping" Christmas, and Betty and Samuel Sewall are droll little creatures. It is barely possible that a dull child might take the Puritan homilies about Popish holidays seriously.

LITTLEST ONE OF THE BROWNS: Sophie Swett.

The heroine manages to lose a baby left in her charge, and is deep in tribulation to the end of a pleasant domestic story. [Four to eight.]

MOOSWA AND OTHERS OF THE BOUNDARIES: W. A. Fraser. $1.50.

This ranks next to the Jungle Books among volumes of juvenile animal stories. The scene is the Northwestern Canadian forest. The actors are all the fur-bearing animals, a boy and a trapper. The beasts are somewhat too human, but they are amusing and sometimes wildly funny, and Mr. Arthur Heming's illustrations are full of character and humor.

NED, SON OF WEBB: William O. Stoddard. $1.50.

The hero's grandfather lends him a great book about the Vikings and their deeds, and he dreams of himself as defending Saxon England from Norseman and Norman and giving nineteenth century advice to the Saxon. [Ten to fifteen.]

OREGON TRAIL: Francis Parkman. $2.00.

Although not actually written for boys, this book is better for them than any dilution of it in fiction. Being fifty-three years old, it contains no modern ethnology, but it describes exactly what Mr. Parkman saw while living among the Indians. Mr. Frederic Remington gave the book 75 good pictures, and when a few years ago it first appeared in its present form, Mr. Parkman gave it an introduction.

OUT WITH GARIBALDI: G. A. Henty. $1.50.

The date of this story is 1847, and the hero's adventures are well told, but the subject may lead to the reading of unwholesome literature.

PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC: G. Waldo Browne. $1.50.

Good half-tone plates after good photographs, and a description and history of Hawaii, both tending to glorify the Protestant missionaries, their descendants, and the Republican party.

PEARL OF THE ORIENT: G. Waldo Browne. $1.50.

A very well illustrated description of the Philippines, curiously erroneous in its treatment of the ecclesiastical history of the archipelago. More suitable for adults than for the young; not to be entirely trusted by either.

PRETTY POLLY PERKINS: Gabrielle E. Jackson. $1.50.

Rich children and their pleasures are the chief persons and incidents. The effect on the mind of a child in ordinary circumstances is like that of a fairy tale. [Eight to twelve.]

PRINCESS'S STORY BOOK: George Laurence Gomme. $2.00.

Historical tales collected partly from old chronicles, English and French, partly from novels, and illustrating the reigns of English monarchs from the time of Norman William. [Any age.]

REIGN OF KING HERLA: W. V. Canton. $1.50.

Excellently written versions of fairy tales and stories from mythology, and a prose version of King Lear, with many wonderfully good pictures in line by Mr. Charles Robinson, are included in this volume, which is very elegantly bound. [Six to fourteen.]

ROGGIE AND REGGIE STORIES: Gertrude Smith. $1.50.

Twins, brothers of the twins Arabella and Araminta, two souls with but a single thought, which they invariably express in succession. Their portraits are given in color and in black and white, in a well-printed, well-bound book, and pictures and text are of that meaningless ugliness which makes a young reader conceited if he have eyes and a mirror, or spoils his taste if he have not. The feature of repetition is probably borrowed from the North American Indians; it certainly is not an inheritance from any Caucasian source.

SHIREEN AND HER FRIENDS: Gordon Stables. $1.00.

Shireen is a Persian cat, and she tells of a sea voyage with many variously accom-

plished animals. She also tells a story of an unfortunate princess, and always talks like a human being, the author not having taken the trouble to use his fancy, much less his imagination. [Six to ten.]

SUBSTITUTE QUARTER-BACK: Eustace L. Williams. $1.25.

Football and a little touch of sentiment as to the relations between schoolboys are the subjects. The boys are rather girlish. [Ten to twelve.]

TAR OF THE OLD SCHOOL: F. H. Costello. $1.50.

A fight with an Algerine pirate ship, capture, slavery, escape, the cutting out of the Philadelphia, a visit to an English war vessel, and service on the Armstrong privateer were among the tar's experiences, and they are well told. [Ten to fifteen.]

WITH BULLER IN NATAL: G. A. Henty. $1.50.

A Johannesburg boy on scouting duty is at the battles of Colenso, Dundee, Elandslaagte, and Spion Kop, and with the army when it enters Ladysmith. The book is written with fairness. [Ten to fifteen.]

WORLD OF THE GREAT FOREST: Paul du Chaillu. $2.00.

This volume adapts to childish comprehension the zoology and entomology to be found in the author's books written for adults; but all the creatures, reptiles, animals, birds, and insects talk alike, and all talk like men, and what they say of their habits and customs is less interesting than plain narrative would be. The book is good and instructive, but not great. [Ten to fourteen.]

WORLD'S DISCOVERERS: William Henry Johnson. $1.50.

The author has here grouped accounts of voyages made in search of the Indies and of the Northwest Passage, beginning with Marco Polo and ending with Nordenskiöld. The style is easy and pleasant, and not condescending, and curious maps, old pictures, and portraits furnish the illustrations.

YOUNG AND OLD PURITANS OF HATFIELD: Mary P. Wells Smith. $1.50.

An account of the Indian attack on Hatfield in 1677, the capture of seventeen women and children, and their recovery by two brave men. The author imagines some conversations and personal details, but adheres closely to history, and gives some account of the lives and the descendants of the persons rescued. [Ten to sixteen.]

YOUNG GUNBEARER: G. Waldo Browne. $1.50.

This, the second of the Woodranger Series, is written around a hunter who speaks Cooper-Murray instead of any tongue used by living man. Most of the other characters are meant to represent real persons, but none is lifelike.

Books Received.[1]

APOLOGETIK als spekulative Grundlegung der Theologie. Von Dr. Al. v. Schmid. St. Louis, Mo.; Freiburg, Bavaria: B. Herder. 1900. Pp. viii—354. Preis, $1.60.

ROSARY LINKS. By Wilfrid Lescher, O.P. London: R. & T. Washbourne; New York: Benziger Brothers. 1900. Pp. 112. Price, 30 cents.

VISITS TO THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT, and to the Blessed Virgin Mary. For every day in the year. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori. Edited by the Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. *The same.* 1900. Pp. 236. Price, 50 cents.

THE MYSTERIOUS DOORWAY. By Anna T. Sadlier. *The Same.* 1900. Pp. 135. Price, 40 cents.

[1] Books sent for review should be addressed to the Editor, AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, Overbrook, Pa.

NEW MANUAL OF THE SACRED HEART. Containing the most approved prayers and devotions. *The Same.* 1900. Pp. 398. Price, 50 cents.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD. Written for Little Ones. By Mother Mary Salome, of the Bar Convent, York. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers. 1900. Pp. vi—430. Price, $1.00.

AT THE FEET OF JESUS. By Madame Cecilia, Religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham. (Dames de St. André.) *The Same.* 1900. Pp. xi—279. Price, $1.00.

THINKING AND LEARNING TO THINK. By Nathan C. Schaeffer, Ph.D., LL.D.: Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Pennsylvania. (Educational Series.) Edited by Mart. G. Brumbaugh, A.M., Ph.D. Vol. I. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1900. Pp. 351.

HISTORY OF AMERICA BEFORE COLUMBUS. According to documents and approved authors. By P. De Roo. Two volumes. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1900.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD AND OTHER WAYS. A Story of Our Set. By Katherine E. Conway. Boston: The Pilot Publishing Company. 1900. Pp. 251. Price, $1.00.

IL MATRIMONIO CRISTIANO dinanzi al Senato del Regno. Studio Giuridico. Salvatore M. Brandi, S.J. Roma: Civiltà Cattolica. 1900. Pp. 48.

HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF THE CITY OF ARMAGH. By James Stuart. New edition, revised, corrected, and largely rewritten by the Rev. Ambrose Coleman, O.P., S.T.L., member of the Royal Irish Academy. Dublin: Browne & Nolan; M. H. Gill & Son. 1900. Pp. xxiv—477.

CHINA AND CHRISTIANITY. By Alexander Michie, author of "Missionaries in China." Boston: Knight & Millet. 1900. Pp. xv—232. Price, $1.00.

HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE. By Francis J. Finn, S.J. With illustrations by Charles C. Svendsen. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1900. Pp. 213.

OLD CHARLMONT'S SEED-BED. By Sara Trainer Smith. *The Same.* 1900. Pp. 154. Price, 40 cents.

CONFIRMATION. (Doctrine Explanations.) The Sacrament of Confirmation Explained in Simple Language for Children. Edited by the Rev. J. J. Nash, D.D. *The Same.* 1900. Pp. 72. Price, $3.50 per 100.

THE IDEAL CLASS BOOK. For the use of the Teachers in Parish Sunday Schools. The Ideal Publishing Co., Wakefield, Mass. P. O. Box 194.

A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA, for Catholic Colleges and Reading Circles, and for Self-Instruction. Vol. I. The Papacy and the Empire. By A. Guggenberger, S.T. Professor of History in Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1900. Pp. 447. With four colored maps. Price, per vol., $1.50.

SOME NOTES ON THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE PHILIPPINES. By the Rev. Thomas Cook Middleton, O.S.A., D.D. December, 1900. Pp. 58. Bulletin of the Free Library of Philadelphia. Number 4.

L'AUTRE VIE. Par Monseigneur Élie Méric. Douzième édition. Deux Vols. in 12mo. Pp. xxiii—401 ; et 427. Paris: Ancienne Maison Douniol, P. Téqui ; depot chez les principaux librairies Catholiques de Montréal et Québec. 1900. Prix, 6 fr.

VERS L'ÉTERNITÉ. Deuxième édition. Par M. l' abbé Poulin. La même librairie. 1900. Pp. 420. Prix, 3 fr. 50.

LE JUBILÉ. Petit Traité Théoretique et Pratique des Questions Relatives aux Divers Jubilés, accompagné d'un Résumé de la Doctrine des Indulgences—de Textes—Sermons et Plans de Sermons sur le Jubilé. Destiné specialement aux Membres du Clergé. Par un Père Rédemptoriste. Montréal: C. O. Beauchemin et Fils. 1900. Pp. 252.

LES DEUX TÉMOINS DU SACRÉ-CŒUR. Discours prêché à Paray-le-Monial, le 24 juillet 1900. Par le R. P. Aloys Pottier, S.J. Paris: Ancienne Maison Charles Douniol, P. Téqui. 1900. Prix, 0 fr. 35.

SONGS OF ALL THE COLLEGES. Including many New Songs. Compiled and arranged by David B. Chamberlain (Harvard) and Karl P. Harrington (Wesleyan). New York: Hinds & Noble. 1900. Pp. 218. Price, $1.00.

THE RULERS OF THE SOUTH: Sicily, Calabria, Malta. By Francis Marion Crawford. With a Hundred Original Drawings by Henry Bookman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900. Two Volumes. Price, $6.00.

DE EXEMPLARISMO DIVINO, seu Doctrina de Trino Ordine Exemplari et de Trino Rerum Omnium Ordine Exemplato, in qua fundatur Speculativa et Practica Encyclopædia Scientiarum, Artium et Virtutum, auctore Ernesto Dubois, C.SS.R. TOMUS TERTIUS applicatur Doctrina Divini Exemplarismi ad Ordinem Perfectionis Scientiarum. Romæ: Ex typographia *Della Pace;* Philippi Cuggiani: *Vico Della Pace,* N. 35. 1900. Pp. 961.

BARHEBRÄUS und Seine Scholien zur Heiligen Schrift. Von Dr. Johann Göttsberger. (Biblische Studien, Band V, Heft 4 und 5.) St. Louis, Mo.; Freiburg: B. Herder. 1900. Pp, xi—153. Preis, $1.20.

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE at the Close of the Middle Ages. By Johannes Janssen. Translated from the German by A. M. Christie. Vol. III, pp. xii—370; Vol IV, pp. xii—369. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1900.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN: The Venerable Madame Sophie Barat. An address delivered at Manhattanville, New York, Wednesday, November 21, 1900, by the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J., on the occasion of the Centenary of the Foundation of the Society of the Sacred Heart.

PSYCHOLOGY: EMPIRICAL AND RATIONAL. (Stonyhurst Philosophical Series.) By Michael Maher, S.J., Professor Stonyhurst College, Examiner Royal University of Ireland. Fourth edition, rewritten and enlarged. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1900. Pp. 620. Price, $1.75.

AROUND THE CRIB. A Christmas Story. Handsomely printed and bound, with five half-tone illustrations. A chaste little brochure for the holiday season, and one suitable for both old and young. New York: William H. Young & Co. Price, 50 cents.

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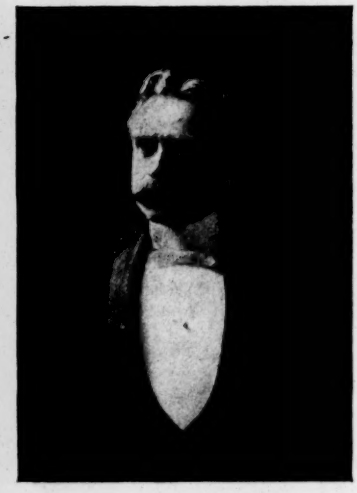

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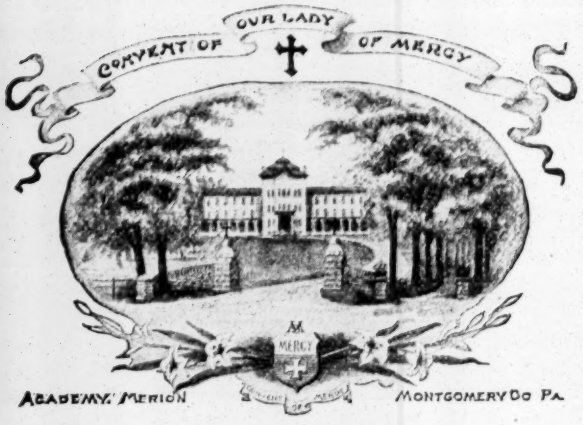

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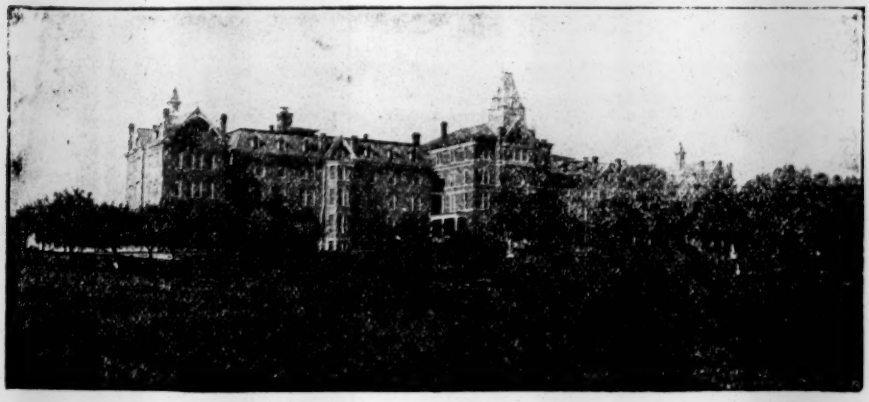

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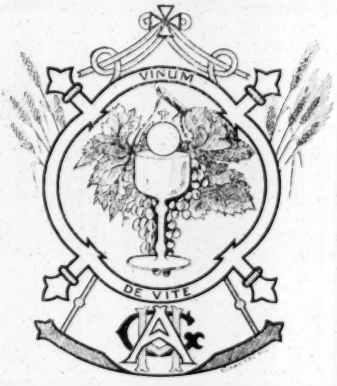

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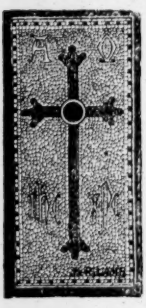

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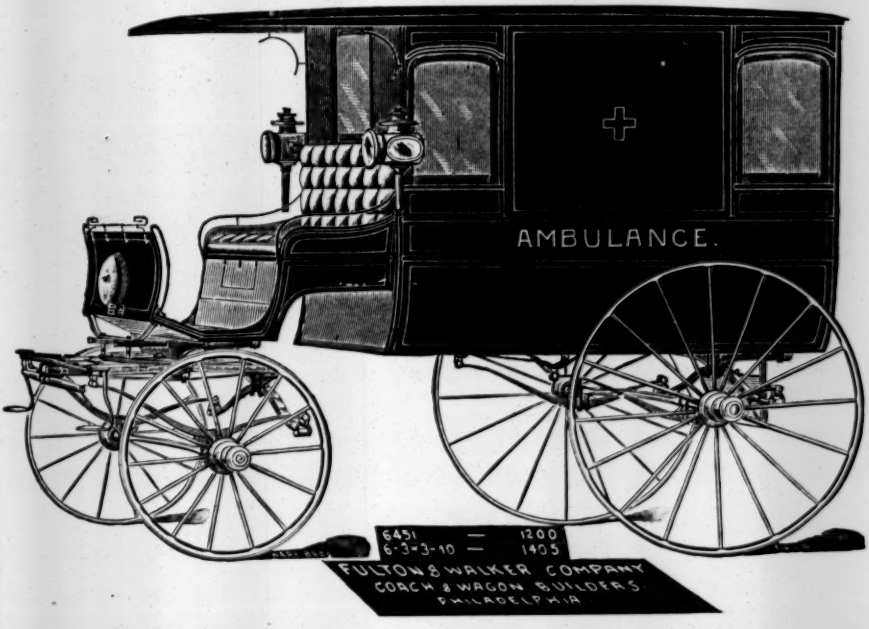

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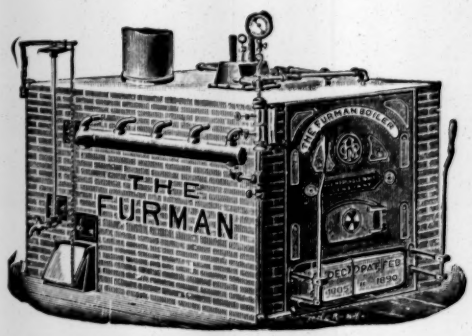

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